

THE  
STORY OF A FAMILY  
BY  
VIVIAN HENDERSON

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# The Story of a Family

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VIVIAN HENDERSON



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## *THE HENDERSON FAMILY*

THE Henderson family came from Fifeshire, from the ancient burgh of Pittenweem. They were a close-knit community, the people who lived in those East Coast fishing towns, hardy, self-reliant, and proud of the privileges which many of those small royal burghs possessed.

My earliest known ancestor was one, Alexander Henderson, who married Margaret Cuik in the Parish Church of Pittenweem on the 11th January, 1648, the year before Charles I was executed. Then we have another Alexander, and a James, and we come to the first of the many Davids, who was baptised on the 27th April, 1727, and whose mother was Mary Laing. He lived to the age of 60, married in 1752, Cecil, a daughter of Arthur Robb and Martha Balfour, both of Drummelory, Newburn, and was a farmer. It is both interesting and sad to note here how many children died in infancy, and how often when a child died young the parents would call another child by the same name. I find two Margarets and two Georges here on this account, and also some quaint names, Euphan and Grizel Robb, for instance, who were Cecil Robb's sisters. David had six children. His younger son, David, who was my great-great-grandfather, was born on the 3rd May, 1762, lived to the age of 85, and had an adventurous life. Like his father he was a farmer, but was press-ganged into the Navy, served in it for many years and rose to the rank of warrant officer. I like to believe he must have served in some of the great naval engagements of the Napoleonic wars, perhaps under Nelson. My great aunt, Ann Meiklereid, his granddaughter, who remembered him, said he had

a Government naval pension, but whether it was for wounds or good service I do not know. David married Anne Baynes at Pittenweem in 1788. Her mother was Margaret Elder, who came of an old Pittenweem family. They had five sons. The second son, my great-grandfather, was John who was born in 1791, and married in 1814 Christian Janet Shanks, whose father, Thomas J. Shanks, was a well-to-do shipmaster and burgess of Pittenweem as his father had been before him. The Shanks family were probably of Dutch origin. Christian's paternal grandmother, Anne Hunter, was a sister of Alexander Hunter, the minister of Pittenweem, while her mother, Christian Ness, came from a farming family at Kilconquher, where a great-grandfather, Mr. Young, was the minister.

John Henderson was probably put into the shipping business by his father-in-law for he became a master mariner, as did his four sons, David, Thomas, my grandfather John, and William. In 1834, at the early age of 43 my great-grandfather died at sea, of smallpox, and was buried at Naples. This left his widow with a young family of four boys and two girls, and they moved to Glasgow a few years after his death where the eldest daughter, Christian, married William Coverley in 1838. The sons found employment as shipmasters in Glasgow, for that port was then developing rapidly. Thomas Henderson, the second son, joined the firm of Handyside & Co. in 1852, and they founded a new firm which became the Anchor Line in 1856. Their first steamship to sail on the Glasgow-New York service was the "Tempest" on the 11th October, 1856, with my grandfather in command.

On 3rd November, 1845, my grandfather had married in Glasgow, at Warwick Street, Margaret Tod, who was born in Pittenweem in November, 1822, and was some two months older than her husband. So

let us now return to Pittenweem for a while to meet the Todds, who were an old and well-known family there. My grandmother's father, James Tod, was a bailie and chief magistrate of the Burgh. The family were well-to-do farmers and coopers, for the export of herrings to Northern Europe caused a steady demand for barrels. James's uncle, John, was also a bailie, and so was his grandfather Patrick, who contracted an irregular marriage in Edinburgh with Margaret Thomson in 1765, and had to have it confirmed in Pittenweem. This Margaret's father, Andrew, was Town Crier of Pittenweem during the '45 rebellion. How the people must have hung upon his words, for he was the forerunner of the modern newspaper. My great-grandfather James, and his father Andrew Tod, also made interesting marriages. James married in 1813 Agnes Richard of Pittenweem, after whom my uncle was christened, and also one of my grandsons. Agnes's grandmother on her mother's side was either a Wilson or an Oliphant, her mother being an Aitken of Carnbee or Arncroach. Margaret Oliphant Wilson, the novelist, was Agnes's cousin. Andrew Tod, James's father, married Christian Alexander at Edinburgh in 1790. The Alexanders were a Pittenweem family, and Christian's grandfather, Andrew, was Excise Officer in Pittenweem in George II's reign. There was a great deal of smuggling at that time between the East Coast and the Continent. I like to think that when Andrew Alexander came home tired and perhaps dispirited, his wife sometimes sang to him, for he married Helen Rhymer, a descendant of one of the old Scottish bardic families.

Here in the family tree we have found portrayed the whole life of the Burgh; the minister, the burgess, the bailie, the excise officer and the town crier, the farmer, the seaman, the herring industry, and the women who cared for their menfolk in the cottages on the harbour's

hillside, and bore them strong tall sons who would cross the sea, and tame it to their profit.

Before we finally leave Pittenweem for the Clyde I must recall a memory of more than sixty-five years ago when, as a very small boy, I was staying at Henderson House, the family home overlooking the harbour at Pittenweem. It was low tide, and my grandfather's eldest brother, David, took me down to the rock pools beyond the quay walls. We sat down and he made little boats of walnut shells, with matches for masts and paper sails, and launched and raced them across the wide pools. He laughed and said they were all " Cities of Rome" sailing to America, for as a tiny child I had already been to New York in that famous Anchor Line ship, probably the most graceful steamship ever to cross the Atlantic. My great-uncle's firm, Messrs. D. & W. Henderson, built many well-known steamers, but on that day so long ago, he built a picture in my mind which will always give me a happy memory of my family's birthplace.

Can I in turn paint some slight picture of the appearance of some of these men and women who were my ancestors. Brown haired and auburn haired, blue eyes, grey eyes, brown eyes, the Hendersons were nearly all big men. My great-aunt Ann said that her grandfather David was " a jolly man." I have his son's silhouette. He had a handsome, serious face. The picture shows him dressed in a full deep-collared coat with a high stock. He wore side whiskers, a clean shaven chin, and had his hair brushed forward at the sides as was then the fashion. His four sons were all big men, David was merry, Thomas more serious, and my grandfather, John, had the bearded face of a biblical prophet. He loved children, wrote poetry, and drew comic pictures tolerably well. I remember my grandmother only as an old woman, rather thin lipped, but with

very piercing eyes which seemed to look right through you. Two of her six brothers were very handsome. The eldest was a farmer and owned a bakery in Pittenweem, and one of his sons became a House of Commons journalist. One brother was drowned as a boy, one founded the firm of Tod & Robley in Glasgow, and three went to sea. One of these three seamen, James, a shipmaster, died of yellow fever in British Guiana. Another, Charles by name, who was also an artist and wrote short stories, sailed to South America and never returned. I still have his flowing signature appended to a scrap book he sent his sister, my Aunt Mary, as a Christmas present from Plymouth in 1857. My Aunt Mary never married, and lived near us, as an old lady, until she died in 1899, aged 78.

I am writing a history of the family and not a history of the Anchor Line, but no such family history could be complete without reference to the great business enterprise of the four brothers and their families on the Clyde. I have already mentioned the early formation of the Anchor Line, and my grandfather's command of the "Tempest." A kindly providence watched over him in 1857, as it watched over me in a very special manner in September, 1914, on the Aisne.

Just after my father's birth in December, 1856, my grandfather came ashore to supervise the building of new tonnage for the firm. The "Tempest" sailed to New York with someone else in command, and was lost with all hands on her return voyage in February, 1857.

On the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, the East India Company chartered two Anchor Line ships as troopships, and for two years my grandfather carried troops to and from India in command of the S.S. "United Kingdom." When he returned home in 1859 he became a partner in the firm in place of Nicol Handyside. In 1873, when Robert Handyside retired,

the firm became Henderson Brothers. The other two brothers, David and William, who had been to sea in command of ships, had acquired the Finnieston Engineering Works, and, on Mr. Handyside's retirement, the two firms jointly bought Messrs. Tod & McGregor's shipyard at Meadowside Partick. Between 1876 and 1911 thirty-two ships were built for the Line in this yard, and only four elsewhere. I do not think the Tod of Tod & McGregor was any relation to my grandmother, but as I have already mentioned, her brother, David, founded the firm of Tod & Robley, ship chandlers, which supplied the Anchor Line steamers, so every aspect of the business was kept in the family.

In 1891 an incident occurred which affected my future career. The Anchor Line steamer "Utopia", carrying Italian immigrants from Italy to New York, fouled the ram of H.M.S. Anson in Gibraltar Bay, and sank with great loss of life. Cavendish Boyle, who was at that time Colonial Secretary there, was of great help and assistance to the Company, and, as a consequence, formed a friendship with my uncle, Richard Henderson. This family friendship resulted in my becoming A.D.C. and Private Secretary to Sir Cavendish Boyle in 1909, when he was Governor of Mauritius.

Within three years, between June 1892, when my grandfather John Henderson died, and April 1895, all these four brothers, who had made their mark in Clyde business circles, died. The private firm was dissolved, and a limited liability company formed, with my father, Francis Henderson, my uncle Richard, and a Mr. Anderson as Directors. At the same time the new firm sold their interest in the Engineering Works and Shipbuilding yard to Messrs. D. & W. Henderson.

In 1911 The Cunard Line acquired a substantial interest in the Anchor Line, and my brother A. C. F. Henderson, became a Director of the Cunard Line.

The Anchor Line lost seven ships in the first World War, including their three largest Glasgow to New York vessels. Trade did not improve afterwards, and ship-building costs soared. My father and my uncle retired from active participation in the business in the early nineteen-twenties. Uncle Richard went to live in Canada, and died in Victoria, British Columbia, in 1945, aged ninety. My father left Scotland and went to live at Tunbridge Wells, and afterwards in Hyde Park Terrace. About the same time, my brother moved from Glasgow to the Wirral, but his health gave way in 1931, and he died in February, 1934, three weeks after my father. In the following year, the Anchor Line business passed into the hands of the Runciman family. Messrs. D. & W. Henderson were bought by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, but the Henderson family are still remembered in Glasgow. My son-in-law, Alastair Peat, is the fourth generation of the family to become a member of the Merchants House in Glasgow. My grandfather was a member, my father was Lord Dean of Guild, and my brother and I both became members.

Now let us turn back and meet some of the descendants of the four brothers and two sisters who came from Pittenweem to Glasgow with their mother, about 1836. I have already said that one sister, Christian, married William Coverley, a glass manufacturer in Glasgow. They had seven children. The eldest son, William, represented the Anchor Line in New York, and his brother, Douglas, was in charge of the Chicago Office. A daughter, Ann, married Chris Heidenheim of New York, whose sister, Pauline, married my uncle Richard. Both my uncle and his wife were very fine pianists. My grandfather's other sister, Ann, whom I often saw in Glasgow as she did not die until 1915, when eighty-seven, married William Meiklereid, a

ship-master, who was taken into the Anchor Line business like so many members of the family. I owe much of my information about the Hendersons to my conversations with this old lady. She had five children. One son, William, was agent for the Anchor Line in Leghorn.

My grandfather's two eldest brothers, David and Thomas, married two sisters. David married Jean Pitcairn in 1845, and Thomas married Margaret Pitcairn in 1843. David had seven children, one of whom died young. His three surviving daughters all married, and his two eldest sons, John and Andrew, became partners in the family shipbuilding business. Andrew never married, and he died at Tonbridge in 1933, aged eighty-two. John, the eldest son, married Madge Anderson, and had three sons and three daughters. Ill health dogged this branch of the family, and John himself, and four of his children died at a comparatively early age.

David Henderson's third son, another David, had a very successful career in the Army, and commanded the Royal Flying Corps at the beginning of the first World War. He was commissioned into the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He served in the 1898 Sudan campaign, and in the Siege of Ladysmith in the South African War, where he won the D.S.O., and was wounded. He became a Lieut.-General in 1917, and was also a K.C.B. and a K.C.V.O. He married Henrietta, a daughter of H. R. Dundas, and a granddaughter of Lord Napier of Magdala, and they had two children. The boy, Ian, won the Military Cross, and was killed in 1918 while serving with the Flying Corps. Cousin David, as I called him, died in Geneva in 1921. He was very helpful to me, both when I was at Sandhurst as a cadet Sergeant, and when I went to the War Office as a staff officer in 1917.

Thomas Henderson, who married Margaret Pitcairn, and who was a J.P. for Glasgow, had 11 children but no less than six died in childhood. The four surviving sons, Charles, Thomas, David and Robert, all married and became partners in the old Anchor Line business, while it was a private company. They all had families, but Thomas lost two sons in the first World War. The only surviving daughter, Isobel, married in 1889 Sir John Murray, of Edinburgh, the well-known naturalist, and one of the leaders of the Challenger Expedition. After leading a most adventurous life he was killed in a motor accident in 1914.

William, the youngest of the four brothers and David's partner in the shipbuilding business, married Williamina Anderson Russell in 1852. They had seven children, but two daughters never married and one son had no children. Frederick Ness, the third son, called Ness after his great-grandmother, became a K.B.E., and head of the shipbuilding firm. Most of the Hendersons were big men, but he was one of the largest men I have ever seen, and had a voice which carried from one end of his shipyard to the other. He died at Troon in 1944, aged 82. Christian, one of his sisters, married Mr. R. Munn, a nephew of Sir Donald Currie of the Union-Castle Line. I remember Mr. Munn coming to see me off at Southampton in December, 1904, when I sailed to join my Regiment in South Africa. Fred married a Miss Strathearn, and one of his sons, Wilfred, who married Mary Rowan of Ayr, was awarded a C.I.E. for war work in India. His son, another David, is a friend of my son-in-law and eldest daughter, Alastair and Joan Peat, in Dunbartonshire—a fourth generation friendship which seldom exists in these days of scattered families.

Before I return to my own immediate family and my father's brothers, I should mention that Andrew Bonar Law, a Glasgow M.P. and iron merchant, who became

Prime Minister in 1922, was very kind to me when I entered Parliament in 1918. He had a double connection with the family. David Tod, of Tod & Robley, my grandmother's brother, married Anne Miller, who was Bonar Law's cousin. Jean and Margaret Pitcairn, who married the two Henderson brothers, had another sister who married Harrington Robley, the other partner, and their daughter Anne Pitcairn Robley married Bonar Law in 1891. Bonar Law's daughter, Isabel Harrington, married General Sir Frederick Sykes in 1920. Sykes was my immediate Chief at the War Office in 1917-18. He was a friend of my Cousin David, the General.

I have already stated that my grandfather, John Henderson, married Margaret Tod in 1845. They had five sons and one daughter. They were all tall and good looking except John, the eldest son, and Clara, the daughter. My father, Francis, was born at South Portland Street, Glasgow, in December 1856. In those days this street close to the river on the South Side was in a good residential area. The district had sadly deteriorated by 1918 when I represented it in Parliament, as part of the Tradeston Division of Glasgow. My father was the fourth son. John, the eldest, married twice, and died in Australia in 1906, where he had been settled for some time. James and Richard, the other two elder brothers, and Edward, the youngest, were all in the family business, but when it became a public company James and Edward retired. My aunt and all my uncles were married, Uncle Richard married twice.

Edward married Susan Dickson, and Clara married Susan's brother, David, in 1888. I remember attending the wedding when four years old. In 1917 my only sister, Frances, married Major Ronald Dickson, a nephew of Susan and David, who was in the Australian Army.

The marriage was not a happy one, and my sister died at Brighton in 1936, aged not quite forty-five, leaving twin sons.

I had fourteen first cousins on the Henderson side, but two died young, and one was killed in the first World War. I have lost touch with the family now, but I know Uncle Richard's eldest daughter, Nina, who was a fine musician like her father, went to live in Copenhagen nearly thirty years ago. His youngest daughter, Julia, married an American, Professor Hinchman, and his son, Malcolm, who is now dead, lived much of his life in Canada. Uncle James's son, Clarence, born in 1876, was a lieutenant in the Royal Scots, and then became a planter in Dominica. The daughter, Edith, married Percy Hull, of Hazelwood, Co. Derby, and wrote a very successful novel called "The Sheikh." Uncle Edward's only son, Murray, went to South Africa, so the family scatters itself over the world in one generation. Aunt Clara's only son, John, won a Military Cross about 1917, the third member of the family to do so. I think he also settled abroad.

My father, apart from being a successful business man, devoted much of his time to public work. I mentioned he served as Lord Dean of Guild for Glasgow. He was also a J.P. for Liverpool, Glasgow and Dunbartonshire. He sat as a Conservative in the Liverpool City Council, and was a member of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board and the Clyde Trust. He took a great interest in the welfare of young people, especially seamen's children. When he came to live near London he became a Freeman of the City, and Second Master of the Shipwright's Company. His last public duty, in October, 1933, just three months before his death, was to attend the Annual Dinner of this Company. The Duke of York, afterwards George VI, who was Master of the Company, presided, and the Duchess was present. I shall always remember

how happy my father was that evening, walking about with the Duchess on his arm, and talking to her as if she were his own daughter. They could not foresee the future which held so early a death for my father, and a crown for the girl at his side.

My father had married at Warkworth, Northumberland, on the 5th July 1881 Alice Maude Hamond, and before we look back on my own boyhood in Liverpool, we will trace the Hamonds through their many generations.

## *THE HAMOND FAMILY*

THE Hamond family were settled in Hertfordshire from very early times. Traces of the family are to be found in the records of St. Alban's Abbey, and at Barnet, Buckland and Berkhamstead in the reigns of Henry II, Edward II and Edward III. The name also appears in Wills and Deeds from the 15th to the 17th centuries. The name is spelt as Hamon, Hammunde, and, in early times, Hamundr, and sometimes with one M. and sometimes with two. Chroniclers were very careless about the way they spelt names in mediaeval times, and surnames did not become compulsory until the reign of Henry VIII. The Victoria County History, Chauncy's Antiquities of Hertfordshire, and the Heralds' Visitations of London, Cambridge, and Middlesex, all provide information about this family. Like the Hendersons they were probably Scandinavian in origin.

My first known direct ancestor was Thomas Hamond of Antons, Great Munden and Westmill. He was a Maltster, and it is recorded that the Hamonds were one of the first families to brew beer in the County. He was probably born towards the latter end of Henry V's reign for there is an old Deed of Quit Claim of 1446, which is in the St. Alban's Museum, for Old Hampstale, near Cherry Green, to which he was a witness, when he must have been over twenty-one. He is mentioned in the Subsidy Roll of gentlemen of the County in the reign of Henry VI who could dispense more than £20 a year. This is the Roll from which Knights were chosen. Knighthood in those days was an obligation for men of certain estate as well as an honour, and the value of money and the rental value of land were very different from what they are to-day. Thomas had a wife named Alice, and he died in 1481 leaving a son John, also of Westmill, and three other sons. This John's wife was

Clemens, and he is mentioned as a trustee in a deed of conveyance in 1476, with Adam Olyer, Rector of Westmill, Sir John Say and others, for the manors of Waterford and Patchington, which were parts of Stapleford Manor. John Hamond was over 70 years of age when he died in 1525, in fact he outlived his son, another John, of Copwades, Westmill, who died in 1512. This second John's wife was Katherine. I know the names of the wives for they are mentioned in their husband's wills, which shows they were men of some property, and that they led happy married lives. The younger John had an only sister, Margery, who married someone of the name of Newenham and had children. This John had three sons, William, the eldest and my ancestor, married another Alice. He bought the manor of Garnons Great Munden, in 1526, and the manor of Alswick in 1547, so the malting business was evidently prosperous. In 1552-53 he bought the bells, stone, timber and lead of the old disused chapel of St. Mary Magdelene at Alswick, and probably used the materials to repair his properties as was often done before buildings were scheduled as ancient monuments.

William died in 1556, leaving eleven children, five boys and six girls, all of whom married. One of the daughters, Issabell, married John Sherman of Littlington, Cambridgeshire, and their son married Anne, daughter of Thomas Pepys, of South Creake, Norfolk. Thomas Pepys was related to Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist. Garnons was sold about 1600, and the elder branch of the family settled in Wivelingham, in Cambridgeshire.

The fourth son, Edward, from whom I am descended, lived at New Chipinge, Buckland, and held the Manor of Horwellbury. In 1570 he purchased the Manor of Pope's Hall, Buckland, from Sir Ralph Sadler, and eight years later settled it on his second son, Alexander, my ancestor. This Sir Ralph Sadler was Henry VIII's

astute ambassador to James V, and one of the custodians of Mary Queen of Scots. It is also of interest to note here that Pope's Hall, originally Popishall, was at one time a royal manor. When Gilbert De Clare, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, married in 1290 Joan, daughter of King Edward I, the king gave this manor to them. So at widely different periods this manor was held by both sides of the family, for my wife is descended from Eleanor De Clare, one of Gilbert's three daughters. Edward Hamond died on the 3rd February, 1580, and was buried at Buckland, leaving three sons and one daughter. Alexander, the second son, adopted the Law as a profession, and was admitted to the Middle Temple in 1567, and in 1568 to Gray's Inn. He died in 1604 leaving three sons and one daughter, Joan. The eldest son John, and the third son William, were both admitted to the Middle Temple. There was a doctor Hamond Master of Chancery in 1612, who may have been one of those two brothers, and was anyhow probably a member of the family.

I am descended from the second son Leonard, the first of five successive Leonards. The name may have been taken as a pun on the Hamond coat of arms, as was sometimes done. The arms are Per pale, gules and azure, three demi lions passant guardant, or. According to the Heralds' Visitations these arms appear to have been borne by the family as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. If they were actually granted or registered during the latter part of her reign it might explain why the first of the Leonards was so christened, for the name means "strong as a lion." There is a close resemblance between these lions and the lions borne on the royal arms. My grandfather, Sir Charles Hamond, used to say that we were descended from the family of Hamon Dapifer, one of William I's stewards, for Dapifer means steward. Hamon was one of four

brothers and held the lordship of lands in both Essex and Hertford. Hamon died without legitimate heirs, and left his vast possessions between the four daughters of another brother, Robert Fitzhamon, who founded Tewkesbury Abbey, and is one of my wife's ancestors. These four brothers were sons of Herbert de Rie, who saved the Duke's life in 1047, when he was flying from conspirators of the Cotentin. Herbert de Rie died before 1066, but his sons are all entered in Domesday Book. Rie is in Normandy, north of Bayeux. Being in the Duke's service they would of course bear his badge or arms, although armorial bearings, as we know them, were not regularly borne and did not become hereditary until the middle of the twelfth century when Henry II was on the throne. The position of steward was no sinecure for it is recorded that Eudo, a younger brother of Hamon, was appointed after William I had lost his temper, which was anything but mild, because a predecessor, one Fitz Osbern, had placed a badly roasted crane before him.

I doubt if my grandfather's claim of descent from these Norman stewards is anything but apocryphal, but it is nice to think that while my wife now looks after me in my old age, perhaps some nine hundred years ago my ancestors were placing ample well-cooked meals in front of the Norman dukes who were her noble ancestors.

Let us return to Leonard Hamond. He left Westmill and Buckland and went to live at Royston. He died on the 27th May 1629, and seems to have lived a peaceful life for there is a memorial inscription to him in the Parish Church which says that he lived and died in peace. When we read history we do not always realise that the Wars of the Roses, the attempt to put Lady Jane Grey on the throne, or plots against Elizabeth only caused a limited disturbance in the country. Barnet and Hatfield are not far from Westmill, but until Charles II's

## **ERRATUM**

On page 21 (line 9 from the bottom) for “Somerset’s attempt”  
read “Northumberland’s attempt.”



reign my ancestors seem to have led peaceful lives both north and south of the border, or their part in wars was so humble it has not been recorded.

Leonard Hamond married Anne Webster, whose mother was a Frodingham. I think the Frodinghams came from Yorkshire. Leonard left two sons and two daughters.

The second son, Leonard number two, did what so many young men did in late Tudor and early Stuart times. He came to London to make his fortune and he seems to have done well, for his son, Leonard number three, blossomed out as a country squire.

We are leaving Hertfordshire now and moving south, but before we do so let us revisit Westmill. Like other villages in the north east of the county it is still unspoilt, with its one broad street leading from the Green to the ancient church. Many Hamonds lie buried in the churchyard, and in the village street there still stands a house which was occupied by my family in early Tudor times. Westmill is just off the main road from Ware, to Royston and Cambridge. I can picture Thomas Hamond and his wife, Alice, standing outside their malthouse in 1471, listening to some exciting tale told by a straggler from the Battle of Barnet, or perhaps Thomas's great grandson, William, asking his wife, another Alice, to bring refreshment to some mounted messenger riding from Hatfield in 1553, with news of Somerset's attempt to put Lady Jane Grey on the throne. Branches of the family remained in the village until a hundred years ago, but there are no Hamonds there now.

Leonard Hamond, number two, married at Royston on the 20th May, 1623, Mary Archer, whose father Thomas was a yeoman farmer. Leonard is then described as a salter, and he may have established a trade in that commodity, but the family did not give up the

malting business, for in the Heralds' Visitation of London in 1634, he is described as a brewer, living in Queenhythe ward of the city. Royston was famous for malt, which was sent to London on horseback. These heavily laden beasts never moved out of the way, hence the old Cambridgeshire proverb that a Royston horse gives way to none. In the London of the Stuarts in those days most men lived beside their shops or business houses, and it is not surprising that this Leonard lived in Queenhythe for Stow tells us, in his Survey of London, that this ward of the city contained several great brew houses, and says there was a large garner house on the riverside for the storage of corn and malt. The ward lay along the Thames between the Vintry and Baynard Castle and a few hundred yards south of St. Paul's. It is possible, of course, that Leonard might have lived for a time with one of his uncles in the Temple, indeed it might have been Uncle John or Uncle William who suggested to him that there was a good opportunity to take over or set up a brew house in the City.

Anyhow the business must have prospered, for while the family may have retained an interest in brewing, for there was a Hammond's Brewery in London until modern times, the third Leonard, as I have said, became a country gentleman living at Teddington, on the Thames. He is mentioned in the Heralds' Visitation of Middlesex in 1663, where he impales the arms of the Manning family into which he married. He had one brother Thomas, and three sisters.

Leonard Hamond the third made a good match when he married Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Randall Manning, of Weybridge, Surrey, for Margaret belonged to an old and well-to-do family with strong City connections.

The Mannings came originally from Cleyley in Cheshire. They traced their descent from a David Manning who

was living there in Edward III's reign. This man's son, John, married Elenor, daughter and heiress of Walter Hake of Devonshire, who is mentioned as having a dispute about water rights at Plymton Erle, near Plymouth, in 1361. As Elenor was an heiress the Mannings quartered the Hake arms with their own. John and Elenor had two sons. The eldest, Thomas, founded the Devonshire branch of the Manning family. The younger son, Hugh, remained at Cleyley, but his great-grandson, John, moved up to London in early Tudor times, inspired perhaps with the same business ambition which actuated Leonard Hamond. Henry VII encouraged trade, and John, I believe, married a Randall, daughter of a family of London merchants, for he called his son Randall. This Randall married Katherine, daughter of Nicholas Dering of the Kent family, and settled in the Coleman Street ward where many mercers and foreign merchants lived. He carried on a considerable business with Holland and Germany, and two of his four sons married ladies from Utrecht and Bremerland. There was a representative of the family living in Hamburg a hundred years later.

My predecessor was the fourth son, also a Randall, who for his second wife married Frances, daughter of Thomas Jones of Ratcliffe, which was then a small village. It should be recorded that the Randall Manning, who married Katherine Dering, was fined because he refused to serve as sheriff after election.

The second Randall and his wife Frances, went to live at the village of Edmonton, now, like Ratcliffe, a part of London. He was lord of the manor of Weling in Lincolnshire, probably by virtue of being Master of a City Company. He had two sons and one daughter, Katherine. The eldest son, Thomas, lived at Westerham in Kent, and married Susan, daughter of Sir Thomas Dacres, of Cheshunt, Herts. It is interesting to note

that their daughter, Susannah, married in 1661 Anthony Earning, merchant. Anthony was probably a son or nephew of the Captain Anthony Earning who was a friend of Admiral Blake and a witness to his will.

The second son, Randall number three, from whom I am descended, lived at Weybridge, Surrey, and it was his daughter Margaret who married the third Leonard Hamond. There is no record of any misfortune befalling these ancestors of mine, either during the Great Plague or the Great Fire of London, although Pepys tells us that both Queenhythe and Coleman Street wards were devastated. It would appear that by that time the Hamond and Manning families were living outside London, but their business interests may have suffered. They would not be insured, for it was as a result of the Great Fire of London that the forerunners of the present insurance companies began business.

The third Leonard Hamond died in 1698, when he must have been over seventy, leaving three sons and one daughter. We are concerned with the fortunes of the second son, the fourth successive Leonard, who was born about 1665. He did not marry until 1711 when he was over forty years of age and his father-in-law had been dead for eight months. He held estates at Milton, near Sittingbourne, which he may have inherited from the Mannings. These estates he settled on his wife, Elizabeth Andrews, as a marriage settlement. She was much younger than her husband and outlived him by forty years, for he only enjoyed six years of married life.

Elizabeth Andrews was the daughter of Sir Matthew Andrews and Anne his wife. Sir Matthew has always been the most interesting of all my ancestors to me, for our two careers are almost parallel. Had I accepted the Governorship of Burmah the resemblance would have been even more remarkable. Sir Matthew bore the arms of the Norfolk branch of the family. I am not sure

of his parentage, but several members of this family settled in London about 1600. Sir Matthew was born in 1631, and entered the East India Company's service in 1649. In 1650 he went to Surat, and also served as the Company's factor in Persia. He was Governor of Surat from 1659 to 1662, and advocated the transfer of the Company's headquarters to Bombay when it became part of the dowry of Charles II's Portuguese bride. He must have had an adventurous time in the East judging from the accounts given of the life led by the Company's servants in "English Factories in India."

After the termination of his Governorship Sir Matthew returned home, and we find him a director of the East India Company in 1673-1677, and in 1680. He was knighted on board one of his East Indiamen by Charles II on the 16th April, 1675, and I can picture him kneeling on the deck awaiting the accolade, his wig freshly dressed, his clothes newly beribboned and adorned with French lace. Perhaps that easily approached monarch held the newly created Sir Matthew in talk about the East, and Eastern trade, and I hope some rare gift was brought from the ship's hold and offered to His Majesty. Sir Matthew became High Sheriff of Wiltshire in 1675, and was a J.P. for the county, in which he had settled, about 1668. A house called Woodlands Tything, near Mere, was mortgaged to him in 1672, and in 1705 he bought it. Woodlands Tything still stands, and when my wife and I visited it before the second World War, we found it still furnished in Jacobean style, and quite expected Sir Matthew to walk into one of the rooms and talk to us.

He was Treasurer of the Court of the Hon. Artillery Company in 1681. This may have influenced his future son-in-law, Leonard Hamond, to accept appointment by Middlesex Sessions as Treasurer of the Maimed Soldiers' Fund for part of the County. It has a curious resemblance

to the work I was to do for disabled ex-service men, on the King's Roll Council with F. M. Lord Haig some two hundred years later.

Sir Matthew sat as M.P. for Shaftesbury from 1679 to 1681, and again in William and Mary's reign, from 1688 to 1698, in the Parliament which issued the famous Declaration of Rights. Although Sir Matthew was a wealthy man and owned Ashley Hall, Walton-on-Thames, and rented Barn Elms, which was afterwards to be part of the Ranelagh Club, he spent much of his time at Mere, and died there aged 80 on the 6th March, 1711, having seen great changes from the reign of Charles I to that of Queen Anne. He and his wife are buried in the northern chantry of Mere Parish Church. He was interested in children and founded a school at Mere, and, with Pepys, was a governor of Christ's Hospital. A number of the letters between Sir Matthew and Pepys are in the British Museum, and some are in the Bodleian Library. Amongst the latter is a letter from Sir Matthew asking Pepys to use his influence with James II to prevent Sir Matthew being turned out of the Commission of the Peace, after nineteen years' service, because of his Protestant leanings. Hoare's "Modern Wiltshire" and the Court Minutes of the East India Company contain considerable information about Sir Matthew.

The fourth Leonard Hamond had only a brief married life of six years, but his funeral at Teddington was a magnificent affair and cost his wife Elizabeth £104, which was a great deal of money in those days. I have the account in front of me, dated 15th Aug. 1717, and settled in the following month. The undertakers were Azariah Raynolds (what a name !) and Gilbert Page, of Sun Hall, Cornhill. They supplied a coffin of elm and lead, lined and covered with cloth, adorned with a gilded coat of arms, and furnished with the finest

sheets, pillows, and gloves. There was a velvet pall, and mourners' cloaks, gloves, and hat bands. Appropriate ornaments, plumes and clothing for coachmen, horses and bearers were supplied, as were many yards of mourning hangings for the house and the church. Amongst other items I find a hatchment and escutcheons and, last but not least, the charge for hiring extra salvers and glasses for the usual funeral feast. I wonder what young Leonard, the fifth and last of the Leonard Hamonds, thought of it all, for he was only five when his father died. An only child, he was brought up by his mother at Teddington, and she continued to live with him until her death in 1757. He matriculated at Queen's College in 1731. In the year that his mother died Leonard married Sarah Richardson, of Birmingham. Like his father he married when he was over forty. He may have had to wait until his mother's death for his share of his grandfather's money. After his marriage he lived first at Horton Kirkby, and then at Stoke Green, near Slough.

I have an interesting letter written to him when he was at Stoke Green, in 1765, by the then Earl of Northumberland, who became a Duke in the following year. He begins by saying he is sorry Leonard has met with so many disappointments, and wishes it had been in his power to prevent them. He then goes on to say that he will very willingly join with Lord Granby when any opportunity offers to serve him. He concludes by saying he is going out of town for some days, but would be glad to see him any time on his return.

This Duke, who employed Robert Adam to redecorate Syon House, was Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex, and Leonard Hamond, who was obviously on friendly terms with him, may have wanted his help in some matter which fell within his patronage. However, the inclusion of Lord Granby's name leads me to think

that Leonard was considering the possibility of obtaining Commissions for his young sons. The Marquis of Granby was a relative of the Duke, and he was also a famous and most popular soldier after whom many inns were called. He was second in command of the British troops at the battle of Minden, and Commander-in-chief of the British army under Ferdinand of Brunswick. You required patronage to obtain commissions, and promises when children were yet young. What is more natural than that this Leonard should invoke the help of his friend and his illustrious military relative, and keep the letter for future reference. Three of his children did, in fact, receive commissions.

The last of the Leonard Hamonds went to live in St. Pancras during the latter part of his life, and died there on the 4th March, 1788, aged about 75. At that time St. Pancras was still a pleasant village. Leonard had five sons and one daughter, Ann. His last few years must have been sad, for his two eldest sons pre-deceased him in tragic circumstances. Frederick, the eldest son, born in 1759, was serving as Lieutenant of Marines, when he was drowned in the wreck of H.M.S. Pegasus off Newfoundland. He was only sixteen years of age. The second son, Thomas, was also a Lieutenant of Marines, and was wounded in the siege of Gibraltar. He died at Blackheath in 1785, when only twenty-two, probably as a result of his wounds. The fifth son, Edward, died the year after his father when he was only fifteen. I do not think the daughter, Ann, married. I have a small portrait of her painted by John Russell, R.A. about 1780, when she was, perhaps, ten years old. It bears a remarkable resemblance to my youngest granddaughter, Georgina Hamond Wilkinson, the only one of my grandchildren to be christened Hamond. It is also curious that when Gibraltar was bombed in the second World War, Georgina's mother, my second

daughter, christened Pamela Vivien Hamond, should have been serving there as an officer in the W.R.N.S.

My great-great-grandfather, William, was born at Stoke Green in Buckinghamshire on 10th December, 1765. He appears to have married about 1785 when only twenty, Anne, daughter of William Giles, a London merchant, who probably lived near them at St. Pancras. Leonard Hamond may have been anxious for William to marry for he was now the eldest surviving son. William was encouraged to join the army by his wife's relations. Her mother, who was Elizabeth Carr, had two army brothers, Maurice, who was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-ninth Foot, and Charles, who was a Cornet in Bowles's Horse. The two Carr brothers must have seen some active service, for the battles of Dettingen, Fontenoy, and the Seven Years' War all took place while they were serving.

William Hamond received his commission as Ensign in the Fiftieth Foot (later the Royal West Kent Regiment) on the 26th September, 1787. Less than six months later his father was dead and he was head of the family. I have a letter addressed to him at the Salopian Coffee House, Charing Cross, from Bath in May 1788 by a Mr. Grace who was evidently the family lawyer, asking whether he had received some parcels sent to his father's address. There is also some reference to Colonel Carr, whom William may have been visiting, as at that time Leonard Hamond had only been dead about two months and they were probably trying to settle his affairs. William served with his regiment in that campaign in Corsica in 1794 in which both Nelson and Sir John Moore were engaged. When William returned home he and Anne had a glass goblet engraved with their initials to celebrate the occasion, and it is now on my dining room sideboard. William became a Lieutenant in the Seventy-first Foot, but as he was

latterly on half pay he may have been invalided out as a result of illness in the Corsica campaign. I think he went into business in the City for, although he lived in Kennington Lane, Surrey, he had an address in the City, in London Street. William died, and was buried in the parish of St. Mary's Lambeth, on the 8th September, 1851, aged 85. He left five sons and two daughters. We have an old blue and white tea set which belonged to Mrs. Eliza Blackett, one of the daughters.

My great-grandfather, Frederick George, was the eldest son, and was born in London about 1787. He was twice married. His first wife was Elizabeth Surnam, daughter of Peter Surnam, a banker of London and Margate. My grandfather, Sir Charles, always said that the Surnams were of Dutch or German-Jewish descent, and had anglicised their name. Many well-to-do Jewish refugees came to this country in the eighteenth century owing to the troubled state of Europe. My grandfather was certainly a friend and admirer of Disraeli's, and while in business acted as agent for Rothschilds. He did so at the sale of the Derwentwater properties, when he bought an old oak table which I now have, which is carved with the coat of arms of that ill-fated Jacobite family. After my great-grandmother's death Frederick George married again at Greenwich in 1838, Sophia Stacey, the widow of a Captain J. Catty. There were no children of this second marriage, and they afterwards separated. My great-grandfather was a J.P. for Kent, a city freeman, and liveryman of the Gloves' Company. He was a friend of Lord Palmerston and contested Greenwich as a Liberal in 1832, and again in 1835, but only polled a few votes. He was more successful on the Turf. I have another glass goblet on my sideboard engraved with the figure of a racehorse called Beeswing, in which Frederick

had an interest. Here he was first past the post all right. Beeswing won the Doncaster Cup three years running, 1840-42. It also won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and the Ascot Gold Cup in 1842.

When my great-grandfather first married he lived at Catherine House, Blackheath, and at Hill Green House, Stockbury, Kent. Towards the end of his life he moved to Lumley House, Horley, Surrey, where he had his pony and chaise, and was looked after by his house-keeper. He owned property at Kennington which he inherited from his father. His house at Stockbury and his farm, called Little Budds, at Hucking, are close to Sittingbourne and Milton. I think these properties may have been part of the same Milton estates which Leonard Hamond the fourth, settled on Elizabeth Andrews as a marriage settlement in 1711. As my great-grandfather set up my grandfather in business in Newcastle-on-Tyne, these properties passed to two other children, Henry and Amelia Hamond. They must have been sold for Amelia never married and Henry's only grandchild died unmarried. It is sad for the property had been in the family for at least two hundred years. Frederick George died at Horley on the 4th February, 1869, and is buried there.

I have a small watercolour of Hill Green House, painted by my grandfather in his teens. It shows an old stone house with a clock tower and a red tiled roof. There is a small park in the foreground enclosed by trees. Frederick George is walking towards the house in his top hat with his wife Elizabeth. My great-grandmother wears a large pink hat, but she has a shawl about her shoulders for it is early autumn, and the leaves on the trees are beginning to turn. There are two other women, a child, and two dogs who are in swift pursuit of some unseen quarry. One of the two women is dressed in sober black and stretches an arm towards

the child. This must be Nannie. The other woman might be Amelia, or Eliza, my grandfather's other unmarried sister. The child is obviously Henry, the younger brother. My grandfather, Charles Frederick, was a second son, born at Blackheath on the 8th November 1817. His elder brother, William, died of smallpox when only seventeen.

When my grandfather was twenty-one he was sent to Newcastle by his father to represent the family interests there. In a short time he built up an extensive business with Spain, importing lead and silver and exporting coal and coke. In fighting a fire in a ship carrying silver he lost most of his hair and always afterwards wore a wig. Some of this silver was made into spoons and forks which are now in the possession of my daughter Pamela. In 1864 my grandfather retired from business and in the following year was admitted to the Middle Temple. He now devoted himself to public service. He was already a town councillor and in 1879 became an alderman. He twice refused the Mayoralty, but was made an Honorary Freeman of the borough in 1890, an honour which he well deserved. He was an original member of the old School Board, a magistrate for over forty years, and a D.L. for the county. It was largely through his perseverance that the Leazes Park was obtained for the benefit of Newcastle in 1892, and here a bust was erected to him after his death. He was knighted in 1896. He fought eight parliamentary elections in Newcastle, which was then a two member constituency. His first contest was in 1868. In 1874 he was returned as a Conservative with Joseph Cowen, a Liberal. He was defeated in 1880 and did not win the seat again until 1892, when, at a time when the Conservative party was defeated in the country, he won one of the two seats with John Morley, the Radical Minister, as his colleague.

In 1895 he carried another Conservative in with him, and John Morley was defeated. In 1900 my grandfather's eyesight began to fail and he retired from public life. He died on the 2nd March, 1905, aged 87, and was buried in Jesmond Cemetery, Newcastle. He was offered some appointment in 1879 for which he was qualified as a barrister, but as it would have entailed his resigning his seat, the Chief Whip persuaded him to refuse it. When Sir Charles was knighted, Sir Joseph Cowen, his former Liberal colleague, wrote and said "the honour had been a long time in coming."

In 1876, when Turkey had defaulted on her foreign debt, my grandfather was asked to go out to Constantinople to represent the interests of the foreign bond-holders. He arranged a settlement to the satisfaction of both sides. The Sultan offered him a million francs, which he refused, but he did accept a diamond snuff box, which he later gave to Newcastle. The box was accompanied with a letter of thanks, written in the most elegant French, from the Foreign Minister. My grandfather had a unique experience in Turkey. He was the first Christian to dine with the Grand Vizier and all his Cabinet.

I cannot leave this account of my grandfather's career without mentioning two letters which he received from two Prime Ministers. In June, 1878, Montagu Corry, Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary who afterwards became Lord Rowton, wrote to Sir Charles from 10, Downing St. He says "your speech was excellent. The Chief (Lord Beaconsfield) read it all. The whole thing was very well done." My grandfather was an authority on the Near East, and he attended the Berlin Congress in 1878, and I have no doubt his speech was on this subject.

When he captured a seat for the Conservative Party in Newcastle in the Election of 1892, Lord Salisbury, who

had been Prime Minister in the previous Parliament, wrote to him from Hatfield. He said he was taking advantage of their old acquaintance in Berlin to congratulate him on his magnificent victory. He justly felt that success was largely due to my grandfather's personal popularity. Lord Salisbury found satisfaction in the support the Party had received from some of the cities in the North, although it had been defeated in the Country.

Sir Charles was a city freeman, and a liveryman of the Spectaclemakers Company. I have also been a member of the same Company since 1907. He was a member of the Carlton Club. The Newcastle Conservative Association presented him with a silver soup tureen and a cheque after the 1895 Election. This tureen I gave to the Carlton Club when I was a member. The Club was bombed in the blitz in 1941, but my tureen escaped ! My grandfather had a house in Newcastle, and also rented Trewitt Hall, near Warkworth. Both my grandfather and his father were tall striking-looking men. They were proud, but generous, and certainly did not suffer fools gladly. Sir Charles had a great gift of repartee, and hecklers at political meetings had a wholesome respect for him.

My grandfather was twice married. In 1844 he married in Newcastle, Jane Weatherstone Newton, who was born in 1820. After my grandmother's death he married again in 1860 Priscilla Brummell of Morpeth, but there were no children of this marriage and they afterwards separated. She did not die until November 1914, after her step great-granddaughter, Joan, was born. She was eighteen years younger than my grandfather. My grandmother, Jane, died at the age of thirty-seven, having given birth to nine children. In those days taxation was light, and domestic labour was available and cheap.

The Newtons were a Newcastle family. Jane's father, Henry Newton, was a grain merchant. His wife was Anne Crozier, and Anne's parents were Anthony Crozier and Jane Weatherstone. We still have some possessions which belonged to Anthony and Jane; a grandfather clock which portrays gaily dressed French and English troops in battle on its face, and two octagonal willow-pattern plates. These are reputed to have been part of a set in use at Holyrood Palace during the Young Pretender's brief stay there in 1745.

Henry Newton and Anne Crozier had eight children. William the eldest son was a surgeon. He died from a fall from a horse when forty-six. Doctors usually rode round to see their patients in those days. He had a son, Henry William, also a surgeon, who was twice Mayor of Newcastle, and was knighted in 1909.

Of my mother's five brothers, three died in infancy, and the other two, Charles and Alfred Leonard, in early manhood. Two of her sisters, Jessie and Emily, never married. Her younger sister, Marion, married Lancel de Hamel, who emigrated to Western Australia. He was a member of the Legislative Assembly there, and Mayor of Albany. Aunt Marion and her husband both died in Australia leaving three small children. One of the boys, Heriolt, became a midshipman in the Navy, but died of fever at Algiers in 1905. Marion, the only daughter, came to live with us until she married in 1913, Duncan Campbell, a Liverpool architect. They have a family, and now live in Argyllshire.

My grandmother was small, and her portrait shows us a Victorian lady with an attractive face framed by the close ringlets of the period. She died in 1858 when my mother was only two years old. Mother saw very little of her stepmother, and spent much of her early childhood with her two elder brothers at Trewitt Hall. She was educated in Germany, and whilst at Wiesbaden met

and spoke to the old King of Prussia, just after he had been elected Emperor of Germany at the end of the Franco-Prussian War.

When my father and mother were first married they lived in Sefton Park, Liverpool, where my brother, Algernon Charles Francis, and I, Vivian Leonard, were both born, my brother in May, 1882, and I in October, 1884. We went to a preparatory school in Sefton Park, called "Greenbank." During the second World War, my eldest daughter, Joan, when a 2nd Officer in the W.R.N.S., found herself in charge of my former old school which had become a Wren's hostel. Places are always reappearing in our family history. My brother went on to Rugby, and then to New York and India to study different aspects of the Anchor Line business. After his return home he married at Glasgow in January, 1908, Rachel Mary Donaldson Longton, daughter of Walter Longton, of Walkinshaw, Renfrewshire. Rachel's mother was a Donaldson, and they were a remarkably good-looking family, in business as iron merchants in Glasgow. When Algy and Rachel were first married they lived in Liverpool, and Algy became a member of the city council and of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, like his father. Subsequently they moved to Glasgow.

About a year after my sister's birth in 1891, we went to live at Birkdale, and four years later returned to Liverpool before moving to Kilcreggan in Dunbartonshire, when the business came into the hands of my father and uncle, about 1900. From Greenbank I went to Uppingham, and then on to Sandhurst where I passed out second and won the prize for Military Law. In March, 1904, while senior sergeant of my company, I was one of twenty cadets selected to attend the funeral of the old Duke of Cambridge, and form a Guard of Honour at Buckingham Palace. The Duke was Queen Victoria's cousin, and a grandson of George III. This

was the only occasion I saw King Edward VII at close quarters.

In August, 1904, I was commissioned into the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, now the Loyal Regiment, and later ordered to join the 2nd Bn. in Pretoria. While there I met General Louis Botha, the Boer leader, a quiet modest man, who was afterwards Prime Minister of South Africa. In 1906 I had a severe attack of enteric fever, then still very prevalent in the country, and I was invalided home visiting St. Helena on the way. I was home on sick leave for nearly a year and sailed to rejoin the Regiment in March 1907, having, in the meantime, been promoted Lieutenant. I disembarked at Durban as the Battalion had moved from Pretoria to Standerton while I had been on sick leave. I found on my return that it was commanded by Major George W. Dowell, and it was then that I met my future wife, Eileen Marjorie, who was his younger daughter and at that time a girl of fifteen. About seven months later the Battalion moved to Mauritius and in 1908 I returned home on leave and passed through a Musketry and Machine Gun course at Hythe. I returned to Mauritius in 1909 as A.D.C. and P.S. to Sir Cavendish Boyle, the Governor.

Sir Cavendish, who was a bachelor, treated me as a son, and gave me an excellent training for a future political career. Mauritius is a beautiful island, a former French colony, lying in the Indian Ocean. The Governor's up-country house, Le Reduit, stands on a hill overlooking the garden which is flanked by two deep ravines. The old French garden is a dream of tropical beauty, with its shady green palms hanging over deep pools bordered with bright scarlet flowers. At a point called Le Bout du Monde one could look down the main ravine to the sea. I sometimes stood there in the evenings and watched a red sun dip into a glassy ocean. The last rays of sunshine lit up the dark mountain

mass of the Corps du Garde behind me, and all around I could hear the bells of the little Catholic churches chiming for evensong. The island's population is a strange mixture of English, French, Negro, Indian, Chinese, Arab and half-caste, which made precedence on official occasions a matter of some anxiety.

In May 1909 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the financial condition of the Island. Sir Frank Swettenham, a former Governor of the Straits Settlements, was the Chairman. It was my first contact with Government Commissions and Committees. In the following Spring we had a visit from a Japanese cruiser on her way to South America on a diplomatic mission. Several Japanese noblemen and M.P.s were on board. I was impressed by their politeness and their gift of imitation, and admired the cloisonné and dwarf trees in their cruiser's ward-room. In January 1911 the local elections were the cause of very serious rioting, which was only suppressed after troops had been called out, and much damage had been done to life and property. We had many interesting guests at Government House, among whom was Sir Ronald Ross, the great expert on malaria. In April Sir Cavendish retired, and I left Mauritius with much regret.

In the following August I retired from the Army and received a reserve Commission. A few months later I was adopted as prospective Unionist candidate for the Tradeston division of Glasgow. Major Dowell, on his retirement, had become Brigade Major of a Territorial Infantry Brigade at Lichfield, and at the nearby village of Wall Eileen and I were married on 2nd April, 1913. In the autumn of 1952, nearly forty years later, my youngest daughter Alice, and her husband, Peter Langford, bought the Angel Croft Hotel, Lichfield. Now we must leave my family for a while and meet some of my wife's many ancestors.

## *THE DOWELL FAMILY*

THE Dowells are a Gloucestershire family centred round Bristol, and there is some information about them in Atkyns "Gloucestershire" published in 1768. The first ancestor of whom I have any record was Thomas Dowell of Westbury on Trym, who married Mary Ham in April 1658. Their son, John Dowle, lived in Bristol but married a Westbury girl, Alice Griffin or Griffith, in 1679. Their fourth son, born in 1689 and christened William, was my wife's ancestor. He lived at Westbury and was a naval officer. My wife's grandfather, the Admiral, used to say that this William took part in the capture of a Spanish ship during the wars with Spain in 1718 or 1726. He married in 1717 Jane Greville of Westbury, and they are both buried there. William was only forty-two when he died. His second son, John, set up as a merchant in Bristol and probably founded the business of a hat manufacturer in Wine Street, to which his son William succeeded. John was baptised at Westbury in November 1718, and married at St. Peter's, Bristol, in November 1743, Mary Britton, whose father, Stephen, conducted a prosperous business as a timber merchant and cabinet maker.

John and Mary had seventeen children. John died in 1784 and his wife in 1807, and there is a memorial to them in St. Peter's church. Mary certainly deserved a memorial after producing seventeen children and living to the age of eighty-seven ! This couple were determined to have a son. Their first three male children died as infants and they had to wait until their eleventh child was born before they had a son who survived. This was William, my wife's great-great grandfather, who was born in February, 1755. Thomas, the thirteenth child,

was a Major in the East India Company and his daughter, Mary, married Sir Edwin Stanhope, Bart. This marriage proved to be a help to the family in the next generation. The sixteenth child, Stephen, lived at Lyme Regis and at Pulteney Street, Bath. One of his daughters married a nephew of General Sir Thomas Picton who was killed at Waterloo.

Now let us return to William, who lived at Northcote House, Bristol, and seems to have made a success of his father's business. He was a strong Tory and President of the Dolphin Society which was a political organisation. He was also President of the Gloucestershire Society. He was elected to the Common Council in Bristol in 1810, but declined to serve. William married Nancy Owen at St. Philip's, Bristol, in 1781. Unfortunately she died the following year after giving birth to a son, another William. He married again six years later but had no more children. Towards the end of his life he retired from business, and came to live in Guildford Street, London. He died on the last day of 1835, aged eighty, and is buried in St. John's Wood cemetery. There is some information about this member of the family in Farley's Bristol Journal, and Beaven's Bristol Lists.

William, his only son, became a clergyman. He took his degree at Wadham College, Oxford, in 1806. He was vicar of Locking, Somerset, in 1812, and received the living of Holme Lacey, Hereford, in 1820, from his cousin, Sir Edwin Stanhope. He married at Swaffham, Norfolk, in June, 1819, Charlotte Theresa Yonge, the third child of the Rev. William Yonge and Frances Johnson. The Rev. William Yonge, who was sixty years vicar of Swaffham, Archdeacon and Chancellor of the diocese of Norwich, had ten children. His seventh child, Caroline Sarah, married Captain John Pyke, R.N. in 1827, and the children of these two

marriages, who were first cousins, were my wife's grandfather and grandmother. It is through this double descent from the Yonges that the royal ancestry comes, but I will deal with this subject in a separate chapter.

We might, however, take this opportunity of meeting the Johnson family and the beautiful Johnson sisters whom their uncle, Sir Joshua Reynolds, delighted to paint. The Johnsons came from Berkshire. Richard Johnson was Mayor of Reading in 1685. He died two years later, leaving nine children of whom the eldest, Samuel, married Susan Webb, and died at the early age of thirty-two. His eldest son, another Samuel, matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1702. He first became curate of Great Torrington in Devonshire, and then rector of Little Torrington. At Torrington he met his wife, Jane, who was the daughter of John Skinner. Samuel wrote a book of thirty-six sermons, which some of his lazy Georgian contemporaries must have found useful. In the intervals between writing sermons and caring for his parish, he produced eleven children. Despite her large family, three of whom died young, Jane Johnson, like Mary Dowell, outlived her husband by thirty-three years, and died, aged eighty-two, in 1778. Their eldest son, William, was a prosperous man of business and was three times Mayor of Torrington. He married about 1752, Elizabeth Reynolds, one of eleven children born to Samuel Reynolds of Plympton, Devonshire, where my Hake ancestors lived. Samuel Reynolds's wife, Theophila Potter, was the Rev. Matthew Potter's daughter. Samuel and Theophila were married at Monkleigh in 1711. He was a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, rector of Plympton, and headmaster of the local Grammer School.

The Reynolds family are of Scandinavian origin, and the name was originally spelt Rognvaldr. Joshua Reynolds of Devonshire, who was born in 1609, and his

wife Margaret, had two sons, John and Joshua, to both of whom they gave a good education at Exeter College, Oxford. John, who was the father of Samuel, mentioned above, was vicar of St. Thomas, Exeter, and Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral. He married Mary Ainsworth, daughter of a theologian living in Antwerp. It is possible John might have studied under him at Oxford. Samuel, their youngest son, was born in 1681 and some of his eleven children were educated at his Grammar School. The third son, Sir Joshua, was the great portrait painter and first President of the Royal Academy in 1768. It is recorded that when he was attending his father's school at the age of seven, he drew a correct little perspective sketch. His father was angry, and wrote across it that it was drawn out of pure idleness during school hours. However, when Joshua began to paint his first portrait in oils at the age of twelve, his father decided to apprentice him to Hudson, a London painter. One of Sir Joshua's brothers, Humphrey, served in the Navy, and this may have been due to Joshua's friendship with the Keppel family. It was his sister, Elizabeth, who married William Johnson, and became the mother of Frances who married the Rev. William Yonge, the Chancellor. Sir Joshua painted portraits of his sisters and his nieces, although unfortunately none have come down to us as heirlooms. Frances had three brothers and three sisters. Two of the sisters married parsons, one of whom was Peter Furse, of Halden, Devon.

It is curious how chance appointments affect the lives of whole families. The Yonges were an old Shropshire family. The Johnsons were a Berkshire family. Samuel Johnson came to Little Torrington as rector, and his son, William, became Mayor of the town. Chancellor Yonge's father, Henry Yonge, was vicar of Torrington, and his son was born there in 1753.

As Frances's father was Mayor and William's father was the vicar, it was only natural that the two children should fall in love. They married at Torrington in September, 1784. You may wonder why young William should go to Swaffham in Norfolk, but the explanation is simple, as his cousin, Philip, was Bishop of Norwich from 1761 to 1783. How the Rev. William Dowell, as vicar of Holme Lacey in Herefordshire met his wife Charlotte Yonge living at Swaffham, Norfolk, might seem difficult to understand in days when coaches and horses were the only means of transport, unless we picture William Dowell as a young curate to his future father-in-law. William Yonge and Frances Johnson had ten children, and nine of them were girls. The vicar might have smiled kindly on a good-looking young curate whose father was a man of some substance. I have black and white portraits of Chancellor Yonge and his wife, Frances, the latter an engraving after a painting by her uncle, Sir Joshua.

We have travelled a long way with the Johnsons and the Reynolds, and we must return to the Rev. William Dowell in his vicarage at Holme Lacey with his wife, Charlotte, and their three children, Theresa Arabella Fanny, Edward William, and William Montagu. They were all born at Holme Lacey; William Montagu, my wife's grandfather, on the 2nd August, 1825. In the following March tragedy befell the family, for the vicar died when he was only forty-four. His widow and her three young children went to Swaffham to live with her father, the old Chancellor, for he did not die until 1844 when he was ninety-one. I might mention here that he broke away from family tradition in his youth, and took his degree at Jesus College, Cambridge. He had four brothers and two sisters. One brother became a barrister and married his cousin, Jane Johnson; another was a surgeon, and another brother was rector

of West Putford. The family seem to have peopled the pulpits of the English Church. Sarah, the eldest daughter, married in 1786 the Rev. William Nelson, D.D., who succeeded to his brother's titles after the Battle of Trafalgar.

Swaffham now became the family home. Frances, the Chancellor's wife, died in the same year that her daughter returned home. Charlotte was the third child, but her elder brother had already married his cousin, Elizabeth Furse, and entered the Church like so many of his family. The only elder sister also married a parson, so Charlotte found herself keeping house for her father, and there her children were brought up. We need only take note of three of her seven younger sisters. Emily married the Rev. George Montagu. I have no doubt he was godfather to Charlotte's youngest son, and that is where the Admiral obtained his second Christian name. George Montagu was a great-grandson of the first Earl of Manchester, and one of his sons became a General in the Army. Agnes, the youngest daughter, married Rear-Admiral George Knyvet Wilson. One of their sons became a famous sailor, Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, V.C., G.C.B., who was First Sea Lord from 1909 to 1912. The Army and Navy are beginning to encroach upon the Church, as a younger sailor also married Caroline Sarah, another of the daughters. This, as I have mentioned, was John Pyke, R.N., who was probably a young Commander when the wedding took place in April, 1827. How did Pyke, living at Appledore, Devon, meet his bride living at Swaffham, Norfolk ? I think Caroline went down to Devon to stay with some of her cousins and met her future husband at a country dance. He probably looked very dashing in his uniform.

I can picture the family at Swaffham in those days, dressed in the costumes with which Kate Greenaway

has made us familiar. I think of them gossiping at the market on Saturdays, or perhaps waiting at the Crown or the White Hart for the arrival of the coaches from Norwich and London so that they might take the latest news to the old man sitting in his vicarage. When Commander Pyke went to sea, his wife stayed at Swaffham, and it was there that their two daughters were born, Caroline Johnna my wife's grandmother, in April, 1829, and Anne Elizabeth, my wife's great aunt, in December, 1832.

Before we can deal with the Admiral's career and his settlement in Devonshire, we should return to the Pykes who are a Devonshire family. There are traces of them in the county as far back as the fourteenth century. John Pyke, of Woodenstow, Co. Tipperary, was a patentee under the Act of Settlement of 1666, and became High Sheriff of that county ten years later. He had two sons, John and Joseph. John, the elder, was attainted in the time of James II, but I find his son living at Collacot in Devon. This branch of the family died out in the male line two generations later. Joseph, the younger son, settled at Appledore, in Devon. He was born in 1631, and died in June, 1712, at the age of eighty-one. He and his wife, Prudence, are both buried at Northam, near Bideford. They had four sons. The eldest, Samuel, had a son also called Samuel, who married in 1745, Elizabeth Shapleigh, who belonged to a Devonshire family. This Samuel died in 1772, but his wife outlived him by twenty-one years. They had three sons and three daughters, and the two eldest boys died without issue. John, the youngest child, who was born at Appledore in 1760, went all the way to London to find a wife, for he married Jane Farleigh at All Hallows Church, Barking, in June 1790. The Pykes lived at Appledore for over a hundred years, and this marriage makes me wonder whether they were engaged

in the coasting trade between Devon and London. Bideford and Appledore were busy ports in Georgian times, and Jane's father might have been John's agent in London. I do not know when Jane was born, but she must have been younger than her husband for whilst he died in 1804, she lived on until 1835. They also had three sons and three daughters, three of whom died unmarried. One of the daughters, another Jane, married a Captain Husband in the Royal Navy.

The second son, another John Pyke and my wife's great-grandfather, was born at Appledore in June, 1796. I have related how he met and married his wife, Caroline Yonge. When he retired from the Navy as a Captain, he built a pleasant country house at Bideford called Ford. He became a magistrate, and here he died in March 1871, and was buried at Northam with his ancestors. He was 74. His wife did not die until 1887, when she was ninety-two. The property passed to Captain Pyke's eldest daughter, Caroline and her husband, William Montagu Dowell. Anne Elizabeth, Caroline's sister and my wife's great aunt, married in 1861, Rear-Admiral Arthur Thrupp, C.B. They had no children, and she did not die until 1925. When we became engaged, my future wife and I visited the old Admiral a few months before he died and we stayed with Aunt Annie at Elmfield, Northam. She was a typical mid-Victorian, we had prayers twice a day, no smoking except in the kitchen after the maids had gone to bed, and meals served promptly on the stroke of the gong. It was Aunt Annie who provided me with most of my information about the Dowell family. It is curious that my two principal family informants should have been Great Aunt Annies. I have a miniature of her as a young woman. Both she and her sister had beautiful complexions which they retained until the end of their lives, although they both exceeded the age of ninety.

The future Admiral, William Montagu Dowell, was brought up at Swaffham until he passed into the Navy from H.M.S. Royal Adelaide in 1839, the ship in which he flew his flag as Admiral fifty years later, when Commander-in-Chief at Devonport. We have a water colour of this old three decker. When he was eighty-six, he told a newspaper reporter that his success in the Service had been largely chance. He said he entered the Navy at a time when many big and little wars were going on, and he was of an age to benefit by them and obtain early promotion. He certainly saw much active service. He was present through all the operations in the China War of 1840-41, when only sixteen. He was promoted Lieutenant when twenty-two and specialised in gunnery. He served with the Naval Brigade before Sebastopol during the Crimean War, was wounded, and promoted Commander at the age of twenty-nine. He was in command of the sloop "Hornet" during the second China War of 1857, and in the following year became a Captain before he was thirty-three. He was in the Far East again in 1864, during the capture of Shimonoseki, in Japan, for which he received a C.B. At the age of forty-two he was a Commodore on the West Coast of Africa. In 1871 he was in command of the "Hercules" in the Channel Squadron. I have a copy of an old coloured print showing the Channel Squadron at that time, under full sail and steam. He was A.D.C. to Queen Victoria from 1870 to 1875, and in the latter year became a Rear-Admiral at the age of fifty. He was in command of the Channel Squadron as a Vice-Admiral in 1882, but on the outbreak of the Egyptian War he was attached to the Mediterranean Fleet. For his part in this war he received a K.C.B., and the thanks of Parliament. He reached the rank of Admiral in 1885, and three years later made naval history as President of the committee of three admirals

which drew up the famous Report on which the subsequent Naval Defence Act of 1889 was founded. Until his retirement in 1890, he was Commander-in-Chief at Devonport. He became a G.C.B. in 1895. He also held the Legion of Honour, the Osmanieh and the Medjidie. He was not idle after his retirement. He became a D.L. and J.P. for Devonshire, and received the Honorary Freedom of Bideford. He was Chairman of the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea in 1891, and Chairman of the United Service Club, to which I also belong, in 1893-94. He had the reputation, rare in his day, of never using bad language. When I sit in the Club I sometimes wonder what he would have said if he had had to contend with the Catering Wages Act, and the many other difficulties which face West End Clubs to-day.

William Dowell and Caroline Pyke were married at Bideford in August, 1855. She continued to live at Ford while her husband was at sea, and here all their five children were born. The Admiral died in December, 1912, aged 87.

There were three sons and two daughters, but Theresa and Frank both died unmarried, and Nell, who married Walter Basset, had no children. The youngest son, Arthur John, passed through Sandhurst and entered the Army in 1882. He was a Colonel of the Berkshire Regt., and saw service in Egypt. In the first World War he became a Brigadier, and received a C.B. and C.M.G. On his retirement he lived in Devonshire and became a D.L. for the county. He married Amy, daughter of General T. Lyons, but they had no children. He died in 1943. The house, Ford, was sold after Lady Dowell's death, and the rest of the property when the two aunts died.

My wife's father, George William, was the second son, and was born in January, 1860. He was educated at Winchester, being destined for the Church, but

chose the Army instead. He was commissioned into the Loyal North Lancashire Regt. from the Militia in 1880. In February 1889, when a Captain serving with the 1st Battalion in India, he married at Bombay Cathedral, Jane Dunlop Best. In those days an infantry captain could live on his pay in India and keep polo ponies. My father-in-law was always a fine horseman and, until he was severely wounded in the South African war, a good polo player. Before we meet the Best family and all their Scottish relatives, we must follow the earlier history of the Yonges and the Corbets as we decided they deserved a chapter to themselves. So for the time being we will leave my future mother-in-law, as a young bride with her husband, at Mhow in the Central Provinces, where they were stationed.

## THE CORBET AND YONGE FAMILIES

THE pedigree of Sir William Dowell's royal descent is given in the second volume of Joseph Foster's "The Royal Lineage of our Noble and Gentle Families," published in 1887.

The royal descent of the Corbet family is given in the Library Edition of this same book, published in 1885, under the pedigrees of Acton and Cresswell.

Royal descents come down through the female line in the case of commoners. The ladies linking the descent from one family to another in this case are Joan, daughter of Edward I; Eleanor De Clare; Margaret Despencer; Anne Ferrers; Elizabeth Devereux; Susannah Corbet; and Charlotte Yonge, who married my wife's great-grandfather.

Each of these families deserves mention here, but I do not wish merely to repeat the contents of history books.

Edward I's daughter, Joan, was born at Acre in 1272, where his wife, Eleanor of Castile, had followed him on Crusade. In 1290, Joan married Gilbert De Clare, Earl of Hertford, who had been a fellow crusader with her father. He was many years older than his wife, and he died in 1295, leaving one son and three daughters. The son, another Gilbert, was killed at the Battle of Bannockburn when only twenty-three, and so the male line of the De Clares came to an end. One daughter, Margaret, married Piers Gaveston, Edward II's favourite. Another daughter, Eleanor, married Hugh, Baron Despencer. Although he and his father came to an untimely end owing to Mortimer's jealousy, the title was carried on by Hugh's eldest son, another Hugh, who fought at Sluys and Crécy, but died without children. His younger brother, Edward, had predeceased him,

but left a son, Sir Edward Despencer, who succeeded to the Barony and was one of the original Knights of the Garter. He was born in 1336, and fought at Poictiers. He married Elizabeth, sole heiress of Baron Burghersh, and died in 1375. His youngest daughter, Margaret, married the fourth Baron Ferrers of Chartley, Stafford. She died in 1415, and is buried with her husband at Merevale Abbey, which was founded by the Ferrers family. Her great-granddaughter, Anne Ferrers, an only child, married Sir Walter Devereux, who was created seventh Baron Ferrers, and was also a Knight of the Garter. Sir Walter was a man of some importance. He was granted Carnarvon County for life, was Chief Forester of Snowden, and was Sheriff of Hertfordshire in 1456. He was killed at the Battle of Bosworth in 1485, fighting in support of Richard III.

Anne had died in 1471 when only thirty-two, and was buried in St. Mary Overy Priory, which is now Southwark Cathedral. Their daughter, Elizabeth Devereux, married Sir Richard Corbet of Moreton Corbet, Shropshire, who, unlike his Yorkist father-in-law, was a zealous Lancastrian. The marriage took place in Edward IV's reign, when fighting had ceased.

Before we delve into the Corbet pedigree, let us return for a few moments to the De Clares and the Despencers, who held the Honour of Tewkesbury, as Lords of the Manor, for nearly two hundred years. These two families, both Norman in descent, were two of the most powerful in England next to the Plantagenets. The name of Richard De Clare, who married Amice of Tewkesbury, is the first signature affixed to Magna Charta, and it is followed by that of his son, Gilbert. The seven great choir windows in the Abbey were placed there by Eleanor after her husband, Hugh Despencer, died. Sir Edward, the Garter Knight, has a beautiful Chantry Chapel erected to his memory,

and on its roof his life-size figure kneels in prayer. During the first World War, the Staff College was moved to Cambridge, and when I passed through my course there I found myself living in Clare College, which was founded by Eleanor's other sister, Elizabeth. The family took their name from their Manor of Clare on the borders of Essex and Suffolk.

The Despencers were stewards to the early Norman kings. The first Baron Despencer was chief justiciar of England, but he was killed at the Battle of Evesham fighting in support of Simon de Montfort.

The Ferrers family were also Norman, the name Ferrers is from Ferrieres St. Hilaire, South of Bernay in Normandy. I think the head of the family was Master of Horse to the Dukes of Normandy. The family bore six black horse shoes, pierced, on a silver ground, on their shields. Henry Ferrers, who had been granted manors in several counties after the Conquest, established his chief seat at Tutbury Castle in Staffordshire, and was one of the royal commissioners appointed for the Domesday Survey. His younger son, Robert, was created an Earl for his services to King Stephen at the battle of the Standard. One Earl died at the siege of Acre in 1190, while on Crusade. The Earldom, with much of the estate, was forfeited during the Barons' War in Henry III's reign, but the last Earl's son inherited Chartley, and was summoned to Parliament as a Baron. The second Baron fought at Crecy, and married into the ancient family of de Bohun. His son married Elizabeth, who was a daughter of Ralph, first Earl of Stafford, who was also one of the original Knights of the Garter.

The name Corbet, or Corbeaux, means a crow, and the Corbet arms display a black raven on a gold ground. The heraldic artists may have mistaken a crow for a raven. There were other Norman and Scandinavian

families, which bore animal, bird, and fish names, like my ancestors, the Hakes or Haki of Devonshire. Sometimes the name may be derived from some incident in the family history, or represent the arms of the master under whom the bearer served, but in earlier times it also represented the mythical ancestor of the tribe. It is said that the sons of Lodbrog, who harried the coasts of England in the ninth century, carried a banner on which their sister had embroidered a raven which would spread and flap its wings before battle, for these warriors thought themselves the descendants of the great Kraka, the ancestral crow and mystic founder of the family. So we pass from the tribal totem to the barbaric invader's banner, and from the banner we pass to the knight's heraldic shield. The years translate the mystery into a family name, and the magic of yesterday is forgotten in the commonplace of to-day.

The Heralds' Visitation of Shropshire in 1623 gives a complete pedigree of the Corbet family from the time of the Conquest, and there are still Corbets in Shropshire to this day.

Roger Corbet of Shrewsbury held twenty-five manors in Shropshire, and was a witness to Henry I's Charter to the Abbey of Shrewsbury in 1121. His descendant, Sir Richard Corbet, who inherited Moreton through his father's marriage, was living in the time of Henry III. His son, grandson, and great-grandson were all knights. Sir Robert, the great-grandson, who died about 1376, was grandfather to another Robert, who lived until 1439, and married Margaret, daughter of Sir William Mallory. When I have been reading *Morte D'Arthur*, I have wondered whether this Sir William was related to Sir Thomas Mallory. The Corbets were upholders of the Red Rose, and we are told that Sir Thomas suffered in the Lancastrian cause. It has even been said that he wrote his book in prison. If he did

so, he would be in worthy company with Marco Polo, John Bunyan and Sir Walter Raleigh.

Robert Corbet's son, Sir Roger Corbet, who was M.P. for Shropshire in 1446, married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Hopton and Eleanor Lucy. When Sir Roger's son, Sir Richard Corbet of Moreton Corbet, married Elizabeth Devereux, she must have noticed, as a descendant of the Despencers, that her husband quartered the hated Mortimer arms, for Sir Thomas Hopton's mother was Jane, daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Mortimer.

Sir Richard and the Lady Elizabeth were living in their manor house at Moreton in Henry VII's reign. The Wars of the Roses were over, and feudalism was dead. The castle was being replaced by the country manor, with its courtyard and chapel, its dovecote, its herb garden, and its tapestried hall.

Sir Richard died in 1492, happy in the knowledge that the Lancastrian cause had triumphed. Both his son and his grandson were knights and sheriffs of the county. The son, Sir Robert, married Elizabeth Vernon, daughter of Sir Henry Vernon of Haddon, Derbyshire. This lady outlived her husband by fifty years. The grandson, Sir Roger, married Anne, a daughter of Sir Andrew Windsor, who was knighted at the Battle of the Spurs by Henry VIII, in 1513, and afterwards became Lord Windsor. Sir Roger's second son, Robert Corbet of Stanwardine Hall, married Jane, daughter of Thomas Kynaston of Walford. The Kynastons were an old Shropshire family claiming descent from a Welsh Prince, and were established in the county in Edward II's reign. The Corbets of Stanwardine Hall displayed some twenty-six heraldic quarterings at the time when Susanna, one of Robert and Jane's four daughters, married William Yonge of Caynton, Shropshire. These Shropshire families had good reason to hold their heads high.

For generations they had been the guardians of the Welsh Marches. Their estates had often extended to so much land as they could hold or capture, and many of their charters were so worded. Robert Corbet died in 1593, and we say good-bye to this ancient Norman family, and once more meet the Yonges, whose pedigree is almost equally long, but possibly Anglo-Saxon in origin, as I think the name was first spelled Juing.

William Yonge of Caynton, who married Susanna Corbet, was the direct ancestor of our old friends, Henry Yonge, Vicar of Torrington, and his son, William, the Chancellor. Before we can link them up we must go back into the Middle Ages once more and find out something about the family's early ancestors. The Heralds' Visitation of Shropshire comes to our aid again. There was a certain Geoffrey or Galfridus, Yonge, who was living about the time of Edward III, and who married one, Margaret, a daughter of Sir John Piers, or as he was sometimes called, Sir John de St. Peter. The St. Peters, or St. Pierres, were a very ancient Shropshire family who were prominent in Edward I's reign. St. Pierre is near Chepstow in Monmouthshire. Geoffrey Yonge's son, Thomas, was M.P. for the county in 1380. Membership of the House of Commons was not sought after in mediaeval times by the landed gentry as it entailed tedious journeys and long absences from their estates. Thomas married an heiress, Beatrix, daughter of Richard Caynton of Caynton in Shropshire. The old manor of Caynton passed into the family, and remained in their possession for nearly four hundred years. After Thomas, we have a Richard and a Sir Philip, and then we come to Thomas's great-grandson, Sir William Yonge of Caynton, who was a man of some standing in the county. Like his predecessor he represented Shropshire in Parliament in 1477, and he was Sheriff in 1491. He married Margaret, a

daughter of Sir Nicholas Eyton and Lady Margaret Talbot. Lady Margaret was a daughter of John, Baron Talbot, who was a Knight of the Garter, and was created first Earl of Shrewsbury. He was one of the most powerful men in England in his day, and was at one time Steward of England and High Marshal of France. He was the last hope of the English in their war with France until he was slain in 1453, but you can read all this in your history books.

William and Margaret had three sons, and we are concerned with the second son, Francis, who married a daughter of Richard Charleton of Apley Castle, which is also in Shropshire. The Charletons are another old family. Richard Charleton's ancestor, John Charleton, who was living about Edward I's reign, was Lord of Powys, in right of his Welsh wife, the Lady Hawise. I can picture her in her solar embroidering a great red lion rampant on her husband's banner. Francis Yonge and his wife, Anna, had a large family, but their five eldest sons either died young or without children. The sixth son, John, who also owned a manor at Tyberton, had, with other children, a son William, who was Sheriff and married Anne, a daughter of Sir William Sneyd of Bradwell in Staffordshire. It was their son, another William, who married Susanna Corbet, whom we have already mentioned. This last William Yonge, who died in 1597, was also Sheriff of his county. The office appears to have been largely shared between the Yonge and Corbet families.

Susanna and William had one son, the third William in succession, who was admitted to Lincoln's Inn in 1613. He married Elizabeth Gough, whose father, Roger Gough, was a wealthy mercer and alderman, and bailiff of Worcester in 1615. I doubt if some of William's ancestors would have approved of this alliance with commerce, but times were changing. A new class was

arising in England. The sons of the old merchants of the Staple and the clothmakers, as members of the Guilds and City Companies, were beginning to exercise power in the country. Feudal wars and crusades were things of the past. Trade could be combined with adventure. There were voyages to be made to newly discovered lands, and wealth to be won there. The younger sons of the old families were becoming merchant adventurers.

William and Elizabeth had a son Philip, who married Anne, a daughter of Sir Simon Archer of Tamworth. Their son, another William, appears to have died at Lichfield as his will was proved there in 1705. He married Dorothy, daughter of Sir William Hartopp of Rotherby, Leicestershire. I notice several members of the family are buried at Edgmond, which is a few miles from Caynton, and there may have been a family vault there. William and Dorothy had eight children. The eldest, yet another William, was born in 1680. His brother, Francis, was the father of that Bishop of Norwich who induced Chancellor Yonge to go to Swaffham. Francis himself was Surveyor-General of Carolina, and the American branch of the Yonges claim descent from him. Let us return to his elder brother, William of Caynton. Like his great-grandfather, he went to town for his wife, who was Sarah, daughter of Sir Joseph Herne of London. Sarah died in July 1740, and she is buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster. I do not know if this marriage brought William money but, unfortunately, it did not prevent his eldest son from selling Caynton. The Yonges may have been impoverished by the Civil War, or may have lost money in the South Sea Bubble, which might account for the sale of the family property. It was a younger son, Henry, born at Caynton in 1713, who became vicar of Torrington, and father of the Chancellor.

Now we must leave the silver Severn, winding its way between the wooded hills of Shropshire. The pennons and the gonfalons have gone, and strangers have come to the manor house. We must go north to Liverpool and there take passage for the West Indies. We are going to the Barbados to find the Best family, who are planters in that island.

## THE BEST FAMILY

MY wife's great aunt, Lady Reid, who was Margaret Best before her marriage, told me that her family was descended from the Bests of Boxley, Kent. I have never been able to link up the two families, as Lady Reid's great-grandfather, or his father, went out to Barbados as sugar planters. Her great-grandfather, Gunning Best, who was a son of John Best, was a member of the Island's Legislative Council. His wife was a Miss Rycroft, and his mother may have been a Gunning, a well-known family in Georgian times, as it was a curious Christian name to give to a boy except for family reasons. Gunning followed his father's example and christened the eldest of his two sons John Rycroft. This John was also a member of the Barbados Legislative Council. He had nine children, one of whom was a captain in the 80th Foot, and was killed at the battle of Firozshah in the Sikh War of 1845. John's younger brother, Thomas, who lived at Friendly Rock, Barbados, was my wife's great-great-grandfather. On the 2nd of January, 1800, he married at Aberdeen, Margaret Bannerman, who was then a girl of eighteen. She was the daughter of Thomas Bannerman, a wealthy Aberdeen merchant, and Jean Simpson of Hazlehead.

About two months after their marriage there was a serious family quarrel. Thomas Best sailed for the Barbados, and his wife, Margaret, remained behind in her father's house. On the 15th November, 1800, their only child, another Thomas Best, was born at Aberdeen. For fifteen years the husband remained in the Barbados. On the 12th April, 1815, he landed at Liverpool, a sick man, and hastened to write to his wife to tell her of his

arrival, and ask after their son. She gave him a friendly answer, and on the 11th May he again wrote to her from Liverpool. He says he hopes she will soften her natural resentment towards him for what happened when he was about to leave home, but he points out that he will not take all the blame to himself. Then he says a curious thing. He states that he would make a great sacrifice to be reconciled to her father, and nothing would gratify him more except his own brother's happiness. He asks for a meeting with his wife, and says he wants to buy a farm with some of the money he has brought home, for I think he and his brother had sold out their plantation interests. On the 25th of May she answered his letter and told him she felt no resentment towards him, as, during the fifteen years she had been neglected, she had tried to fulfil her duty to their son, and had been amply rewarded by the boy's progress. She refused his invitation to a meeting but said she would always answer his letters. Between May and October there is a gap in the correspondence, but on the 17th of October he wrote to his wife from comfortable lodgings in Southborough, Kent, and pleaded with her to allow their son whom he had never seen to visit him, as the boy is now nearly fifteen. He promised to give Tom a good holiday, with a visit to London, and another visit to his uncle living not far away, and who had a large family of boys and girls. On the 23rd October she wrote and promised to send Tom south at the end of March, when the winter session at College was over. She assured him that no member of her family had ever tried to prejudice the boy against his father, as the lad was still in ignorance of the true cause of his parent's separation. The husband wrote a last letter to his wife at the end of October. There was a gleam of happiness in it, for he was making plans already for his son's promised visit, and building castles in the air. He added a postscript to his

letter "My love to the boy." Before November had ended, he was dead. He never saw his son.

Here is a tragedy in our family history enacted with all the pathos you find in a mid-Victorian novel. She kept his letters but she would not meet him. He would make great sacrifices to be reconciled to her father, but his brother's happiness was even more important. As for her father, he maintained and educated Tom, but her husband's name never passed his lips. Let us try and reconstruct the story.

Thomas meets Margaret, probably through mutual friends. There is a whirlwind courtship. They are married although she is only eighteen. The West Indies were unhealthy islands in those days. Mr. Thomas Bannerman is anxious for his daughter's welfare. He has extracted a half promise from his future son-in-law to remain in Aberdeen for a while, and he has offered him a partnership in one of his many business interests. Thomas's elder brother, John, writes to tell him he needs his presence urgently in the Barbados. Tom decides to sail, but his wife, still under age and influenced by her father, will not go. She thinks he has broken his word to her father. He comes home fifteen years later, still a young man, but dying of some tropical illness. There is no reconciliation with the father. After all, he has proved he was right. His daughter would have succumbed to the climate as her husband has done. Looking at the tragedy a hundred and fifty years later we can see both sides of the case. Margaret lived on to the age of seventy, old enough to see all her seven grandchildren. Before we meet them, however, I think it would be only fair if we learn something about the Bannerman family if we are to judge them aright, for they had some reason to be proud of the family name.

The Bannermans were at one time hereditary standard bearers to the early Scottish kings, but according to Fordun, the historian, were superseded in that office in the reign of Alexander I. There was a Donald Banner-man who was physician to David II, and acquired the estate of Waterton, Aberdeenshire, from the King about 1367. His younger son, Alexander, acquired the estate of Elsick, and became a burgess and Provost of Aberdeen. A direct descendant, another Alexander of Elsick, married in 1633 Marion Hamilton of East Binning. This Alexander fought a duel with his cousin, Sir George Gordon, in 1644, and wounded him. His aunt, Margaret, had married George Gordon of Haddo. The quarrel may have been a political one, for Alexander was involved in the troubles of that time, and only saved his estates from forfeiture by a trust conveyance to his brother-in-law. This Alexander's son, yet another Alexander, was created a Baronet by Charles II on the 28th December, 1682. He married Margaret Scott, of Thirlstane, and died in 1711 leaving three sons and one daughter. The second baronet appears to have taken no part in the first Jacobite Rising, but his younger brother Patrick, who was a merchant and Provost of Aberdeen, was knighted by the Old Pretender in 1715 and afterwards imprisoned in Carlisle Castle. His wife was Margaret, daughter of Sir Charles Maitland, of Pitrichie, and Jean Forbes. Patrick escaped from Carlisle Castle to France, and died in 1733 aged about fifty-five. One of Patrick's grandsons was Thomas Bannerman the father of Margaret Best. The Bannermans were a family of considerable influence and standing in Aberdeen. They had been burgesses and merchants of the city for some four hundred years. Thomas's brother, Charles, a well-known advocate, probably used all his eloquence to persuade his niece to stay at home. Jean Simpson, her mother, is never mentioned

in the correspondence. Margaret's three brothers were too young to have taken any part in the controversy, but one, Alexander, born in 1788, deserves some mention here. He was a Whig in politics, a burgess and city councillor, a Governor of the Aberdeen Bank, and M.P. for Aberdeen from 1832 to 1847. He was knighted in 1851, and was Governor of the Bahamas from 1854 to 1857. I wonder what his nephew, Thomas Best, thought of this appointment. The West Indies were the cause of his father's and mother's separation, but they provided a knighthood for his uncle. Sir Alexander married Margaret Gordon of Kirkcaldy, who was immortalized by Carlyle as "Blumine" in his *Sartor Resartus*.

You will remember we left young Thomas Best pursuing his studies at College in Aberdeen, and I have no doubt bitterly disappointed that the sudden death of his father had deprived him of their promised meeting, and a visit to London. He grew up with the Bannermans, entered the family business, and made his home in Aberdeen. When Queen Victoria landed there in 1848, he received a commemorative medal with a red ribbon, which is inscribed to Captain Thomas Best of the Honorary Guard of Citizens. Thomas was married at Monkwood, Ayrshire, in May, 1831, by Mr. Gray, the Minister of Maybole, to Jane Dunlop, daughter of Dr. William Dunlop, of Glasgow, and Annie Fergusson, of Auchendrane and Monkwood.

The Fergussons are an old Ayrshire family, and Annie's mother was a Hutcheson. When Annie Fergusson was born in 1777, the tenants of Monkwood estate embroidered a christening robe for her, which is still used by the family and was worn by all my six grandchildren at their christenings. My daughter, Joan, has a letter which Mrs. Frances Ann Dunlop wrote to Mrs. Fergusson in 1799, the year before Dr. Dunlop

and Annie, her daughter, were married. This letter refers to Annie Fergusson's brother, James, of whom we shall hear more later. Mrs. Dunlop was the friend of Robert Burns, with whom she carried on a long correspondence. She was Dr. Dunlop's cousin.

The marriage of Thomas Best and Jane Dunlop is of interest for several reasons, but before I enlarge upon it, I think we should visit Dunlop, go back once more into early Scottish history, and meet some of the Dunlop ancestors.

Dunlop is a village in Ayrshire well known for its cheeses. The name means the hill at the bending, for the old parish church is situated by a hill at a bend in the Glazert burn. My father rented Dunlop House for some years, and it was while we were living there in 1912 that Eileen and I became engaged. The parish church contains some fine modern stained glass windows, displaying the armorial bearings of the various owners of Dunlop House. My father gave a window to the church in 1910, designed by Alfred Webster, a well-known artist, who was killed in action in 1915. My mother gave another window to the church in 1934 in memory of my father. This portrays St. Christopher and St. Nicholas, as a token of my father's lifelong interest in the sea, and in the welfare of seamen's children. The face of St. Nicholas bears a resemblance to my father. The window in my house which displays the Henderson Armorial bearings was also designed by Webster.

The first reference to the Dunlop family is in a charter of 1260. John Dunlop, who died in 1509, married Marion, daughter of the fourth Earl of Douglas. His great-grandson, James Dunlop of Dunlop, married in 1596, Jean, daughter of Sir James Somerville, of Cambusnethan. James died in 1617, leaving five sons and two daughters. James, the eldest son, was the

ancestor of General Sir James Dunlop, who was M.P. for Ayrshire, and whose mother, Frances Ann, was the friend of Robert Burns. Sir James's son, who became a Baronet, was Liberal M.P. for Kilmarnock and for Ayrshire. The title became extinct in 1858.

John of Garnkirk, the third son, had a granddaughter, Jean, who married Patrick Coutts, the ancestor of Baroness Burdett Coutts. In April, 1921, when I successfully moved the rejection of a Proportional Representation Bill in the House of Commons, I dined at the Burdett Coutts house in Stratton Street. The house was like a museum. The late Lady Burdett Coutts's portrait was draped in black, and we dined off gold plate. The Rt. Hon. W. Burdett Coutts was a banker, and M.P. for Westminster.

My wife is descended from Alexander, the second son of James and Jean Dunlop. He is mentioned as a curator in a marriage contract of his niece and Dr. Buchanan, in his manuscript on the family, proves him to have been the second son. Alexander was Minister of Paisley Abbey Church from 1644 to 1677 when he died. He married Elizabeth, daughter of William Mure of Glanderston, who belonged to a younger branch of the Mures of Caldwell, Ayrshire. Her mother was Jean Hamilton, a daughter of the Rev. Hans Hamilton, who was Minister at Dunlop about 1580. Alexander and Elizabeth had four children. Margaret, the eldest daughter, married Professor Simpson. They were the ancestors of General Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, under whom William Hamond served in the Corsica campaign. Alexander's eldest son, William Dunlop, went out to America in his youth and became a Militia officer in Carolina. On his return home he became a Minister in the Scottish church, and was eventually Principal of Glasgow University. He was a historian. William, who died in 1703, married Sarah, the daughter

of the Rev. John Carstairs, and they had three sons. The eldest, Alexander, was a Professor of Greek at Glasgow University, his youngest brother was a Professor of Divinity at Edinburgh, and a nephew was a Professor of Oriental Languages. Alexander, who died in 1747 aged 65, married Elizabeth Stewart, of Hartwood, and had nine children, but five of them died young. One daughter, Margaret, married Andrew Anderson of Greenock. Alexander's eldest son, William Dunlop, died when only thirty-one, leaving one child, Alexander, who became a surgeon in Glasgow and married his cousin, Jean Anderson, of Greenock. Alexander was a wealthy man and left money to Aberdeen University. He outlived his only son, Dr. William Dunlop, who died in 1810, and who was the husband of Annie Fergusson.

On the 17th June, 1815, the day before the battle of Waterloo, Alexander writes to his daughter-in-law from Glasgow, telling her he has been laid up with gout, and enclosing a money order on his bank. He says he has had little opportunity of consulting her brother, James, who was an Advocate in Edinburgh, but he has decided to allow the grandchildren £150 a year until he dies, when better disposition will be made in his Will. In conclusion, he asks her if she would prefer any other arrangement. One of the grandchildren, Alexander, had died that same year, aged only fourteen, and greatly missed by his grandfather. Only three months later, on the 15th of September, 1815, Alexander Dunlop died at Rothesay, and was buried in Glasgow six days later. His daughter-in-law wrote a pathetic postscript on the back of his letter, referring to the loss of her husband, her eldest son, and her father-in-law. This is what she says:—“This day, the twenty-first, my poor little boys, Andrew and James, have gone to their grandfather's funeral in Glasgow. Grandfather, son, and grandson, are now together. Morning bright

with every promise, the noonday of manly vigour, and the evening whose sun has gone down, all speak to the soul their awful lesson.” The writing is blotted with a tear.

There is no doubt that Alexander did leave money in trust for his grandchildren, for his executors did not receive their discharge until 1831, when the youngest grandchild was over twenty-one, and Jane Dunlop was about to be married to Thomas Best. Jane’s brother, Andrew Vance, was the only one of her six brothers and sisters who left any children. He married his cousin, Jane Home Fergusson, and was a surgeon in the East India Company. He had a younger brother, William, who, when he was about five years old, went to stay with his great uncle, Andrew Anderson, at Greenock. The visit was evidently a success, for on his return home to Monkwood, where his mother had gone back to live after his father’s death, Uncle Andrew sent him a riding whip for his pony, told him how much both he and his dog missed him, and asked him to persuade his mother to allow him to come again. This letter was written in May, 1812.

When Jane Dunlop became engaged to Thomas Best in 1831, she was without parents, for her mother had died in 1821, and been buried in Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, alongside other members of the Fergusson family. Her trustees were her two uncles, John and James Fergusson. She therefore wrote to them, full of happiness, to announce her engagement, and enclosed letters from her fiancé. Uncle John replies to her from Dorset Square in London, in most affectionate terms. He was at that time a widower, and his sister-in-law, Miss Petre, was keeping house for him. I like the early nineteenth-century letters. They speak of an age when people had leisure to express themselves. Listen to these gracefully phrased sentences of advice. “I must,

nevertheless, in this momentous crisis, request to have your promise, whatsoever may result, that you will allow Mr. Tod, who fully knows your affairs, and whose great honour and judgement, you as fully can trust, to see that your own property is secured and settled for you and your children, which is the wisest thing for your intended husband likewise. The sum is sufficient to afford a stay to his family and himself under any reverse, which may God avert, from his concerns, but to which, humanly speaking, all concerns in trade, particularly in such times as at present, are liable.” The two uncles were somewhat nervous about the marriage. Uncle James explains matters more fully. Uncle James, as I have said, is an advocate of some standing in Edinburgh, where he is principal Sessions Clerk. He writes from Heriot Row, and in a more forceful style sets out a form of Trust for her to draw up with Mr. Tod. He then solemnly reminds her of an uncle who lost his money through speculation, or, as Uncle James expresses it:—“ He lost more than all, by enterprises undertaken and prosecuted, under circumstances very unfavourable to any improvement of his property.” This unfortunate uncle must have been the husband of one of her father’s two sisters. The money about which they are so concerned is, of course, her grandfather, Alexander Dunlop’s money, which she evidently inherited on marriage.

After Thomas Best and James Dunlop were married, they went to live at Golden Square, Aberdeen, and there Mr. Gray, the Minister of Maybole, writes to them saying how glad he is to know they have enjoyed their honeymoon, which he calls “a jaunt,” and are getting comfortably settled at home. The letter is written on the leaf of their manuscript marriage certificate. This Mr. Gray must have been a relative of Lord Gray of Kinfauns Castle, for he uses the family crest to seal his letter.

Thomas and Jane seem to have lived all their lives in Aberdeen, and their seven children were all born there. The family business extended to India, and an office was established in Bombay. Thomas Best died in 1866, but his wife, Jane, lived on to the age of 81 and was buried in Aberdeen in November, 1884.

Margaret, their second daughter, married in 1882, George Reid, who was afterwards knighted, and became the well-known Scottish portrait painter, and President of the Royal Scottish Academy. He was also a D.L., and LL.D. of Aberdeen University. Just before his mother-in-law died, Sir George painted a remarkable portrait of her, which is a continual joy to us hanging in our dining-room. When Eileen and I were engaged, we went to stay with the Reids in their house in Somerset. There we watched him paint his last picture, "Aviemore," for he died just before we were married.

My wife's grandfather, William James Best, was born in 1838, and went out to Bombay as a partner in the family business. In April, 1863, he married at Bombay Cathedral, Annie Goldie Greig, who was the daughter of John Glennie Greig and Kate Morris. Now we must diverge again to meet some of Annie Greig's family. Her father, who was the son of Robert Greig of Kincardineshire, was Headmaster of a college in Walthamstow, and he died there in 1860. Annie's maternal grandmother, Anne Thornton, was a granddaughter of Luz Thornton, who married Marie d'Espaigne.

The d'Espaignes came from Lille in Northern France, and were silk or lace merchants. I find that a Gerbais d'Espaigne, who died in 1594, married Marguerite Boussemart. A great-grandson, Henri, married Jeane Bonté of Valenciennes. Their son, another Henri, married Marie le Pers, of Armentieres, and they were the parents of Marie Thornton. Thornton may have met Henri in business after the war with France was over,

for his wife was not born until 1702. On the other hand, the d'Espaignes may have been one of the Huguenot families who fled to England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Annie Goldie Greig had three brothers, one of whom was a Sapper General, while the other two were both colonels in the Indian Army. The eldest, Colonel Piercy Henderson Greig, had a son, John Glennie, who has had an unusual career. He was a colonel in the Indian Army, received the C.I.E., and saw much active service. For twenty-three years he was on the Staff of successive Governors of Bombay. At the age of 64 he became a Roman Catholic priest and is now a Canon living in Hampshire. We have many parsons in our pedigree, and many soldiers, but here we have a modern crusader.

Annie Greig went out to India to stay with her brothers, and it was while she was there that she met her future husband, William James Best. They had three children, one of whom died in infancy. Jane Dunlop Best, my wife's mother, was born in Bombay in January, 1865, and her brother, John Glennie, in 1868. In the following year their mother died when only thirty-two, and the two small children were sent home to live with their grandmother in Aberdeen. Jane did not return to India until after her grandmother's death. In the meantime her father had married again, in 1876. His second wife was his cousin, Annie Fergusson, and they had two sons who both entered the Army. One was killed in action in 1917 after winning the D.S.O. Mr. Best died in Fitzroy Square, London, in 1889. Some fifty-three years later, during the second World War, I spent several months in a nursing home there after a major operation.

My wife's uncle and her only cousins lived in Dorsetshire for a time, and then in Northern Ireland, where he

farmed. Uncle Jack died in 1940, and his wife, who was Edith Manfield, in 1951. There were four children. One son died in Paris in 1933, and one daughter out in Madagascar doing missionary work. Kenneth, the other son, is married, and still lives in Northern Ireland. His sister, Violet, has not married.

My wife's only sister, Ethel Theresa Dorothy, was born at Mhow in December, 1889. Shortly afterwards Captain Dowell and his family returned home and he took up an appointment as adjutant of our 5th Volunteer Bn. at Bolton. Here my wife was born on the 7th February, 1892. Eileen and Dorothy were educated at St. Andrews, but spent much of their time with the Regiment in Ireland, Dover, and Malta. While in Malta Major Dowell went out to the South African War with a Mounted Infantry Bn., was severely wounded at Klip River in 1902, and was at home on sick leave for a long period. He went out to Pretoria in 1906, and his family joined him later at Standerton, when he took command of the 2nd Bn. while Colonel Churchward was on extended sick leave.

We will devote a final chapter to our family history for the past forty-five years, after Eileen and I were married, in 1913.

## THE LAST FORTY-FIVE YEARS

After Eileen and I were married in 1913, we lived in Kelvin Drive, Glasgow. At that time the social world had changed very little from the time we were children. Income tax was still only 1s. 2d. in the pound, accommodation was plentiful and food, labour, and entertainment were cheap. People gave large formal dinners of seven or eight courses which lasted for about three hours, and everybody wore full evening dress. The hansom cab competed with the taxi, the gramophone was replacing the family sing-song, and although the silent cinema had replaced the magic lantern of our childhood, it had not ousted the Empire and Alhambra music halls from Leicester Square.

Our eldest daughter, Joan Dorothy Dunlop, was born in Glasgow on the 13th of May, 1914, and in those spacious days my supporters in Tradeston presented her with a silver rose bowl. At that time, fortunately, we did not know that we should enjoy little more than a year of world tranquility after our marriage.

When war broke out in August, 1914, we were staying with Major and Mrs. Dowell at Catterick, as they had moved there when Major Dowell obtained an appointment as District Remount Officer at Richmond. A few days later I had rejoined the 3rd Bn. of my Regiment at Preston. From there we moved to Felixstowe as part of the Harwich Garrison. I transferred into the 3rd Bn. and early in September, 1914, took a reinforcement out to the 1st Bn. in France. I travelled by sea to St. Nazaire, and then up to the Front through the lovely wine country of the Loire. I arrived in time to take part in the battle of the Aisne, and became battalion machine-gun officer. In the chapter about the

Henderson family, I mentioned my grandfather's escape from death, and I said I had had a similar escape in 1914. This is what happened. On the 7th of October, the day after my thirtieth birthday, I was sitting on the edge of our mess dugout at lunch-time, when a messenger came to tell me that the Brigadier wished to speak to me. At that time I was directly under his orders as a machine-gun officer, and I saw him standing about a hundred yards away. Just as I reached him a German eight-inch shell burst at the entrance to our mess, killing the two officers who had been sitting nearest to me, and wounding two others. It was a narrow escape.

Our First Division moved up to Belgium in mid-October, and I had the joy of seeing the Cloth Hall at Ypres in all its beauty before the Germans destroyed it a few weeks later. On the 23rd of October, my Bn. received special commendation for the part it played in the action at Bixschoote, just north of Ypres. Lord Ernest Hamilton devotes a chapter to this battle in his book, "The First Seven Divisions." In 1915, I was awarded the Military Cross for my part in this action, and received my decoration from the King at Buckingham Palace.

There were three things I saw in the early days of the war which I shall always remember; a Horse Artillery Battery galloping into action under heavy fire; the loyalty and bravery shown by the Belgian machine-gun dogs; the remnants of a British Infantry Bn., one officer and about eighty men, marching down the Menin Road coming out of action, proudly led by their Regimental Mascot.

In 1937, Eileen and I and Pamela visited Ypres while staying at Bruges, but I could not recognise the battle-field for the ripening corn.

I was invalided home in November after being nursed for two days by the devoted nuns of Ypres.

I had received my promotion to Captain at the end of October, and early in the New Year became Adjutant of the 3rd Bn. at Felixstowe. Eileen came down to join me there and we rented a house. It was the duty of the 3rd Reserve Bn. to train recruits and supply drafts to the two Regular Bns. at the Front. Casualties at that time were appalling, and Eileen and I found it a sad task to say good-bye to men going overseas. Drafts always left very early in the morning when air raid precautions demanded a blackout. We distributed comforts by lantern light, while a small section of the Regimental band played marching songs to give the men a good send-off. We knew we should never see half of the officers or men again. The average service of a subaltern in the trenches at that time, before he became a casualty, was only about six weeks.

Pamela Vivien Hamond, our second daughter, was born at Catterick, Yorkshire, on the 15th of May, 1916. Eileen was very reluctant to leave me at Felixstowe, but I thought it wiser that she should be with her mother, as we had had numerous air raids by Zeppelin, and one invasion scare and threat of bombardment.

Pamela was christened at Felixstowe, and Sir Cavendish Boyle was her godfather. He gave Pam an old Spode dessert service, which had belonged to his maternal grandfather, Colonel Alexander, and had been used by Napoleon at St. Helena. Sir Cavendish had married Louise Sassoon in 1914, but four months after Pam was born, he suddenly died of heart failure. I missed him very much. Lady Boyle assumed his duties as a god-parent, a most thoughtful action.

Early in 1917 I went to Cambridge and passed through the Staff Course there as the College had been moved from Camberley. I became Garrison Staff Captain at Weymouth in the spring, and Eileen joined me. She had known Weymouth as a child when her uncle,

Jack Best, had lived at Portesham. In the autumn of that year I became a Staff Captain at the War Office, and in the summer of 1918 I was appointed a D.A.A.G. at the Horse Guards and became a Major. During that time I was living in rooms in Jermyn Street, and Eileen was in Glasgow where our third daughter, Eileen Alice Dowell, was born on the 1st of January, 1918. In May, 1918, we leased a house at Richmond for the summer months, and it was from there we saw the last German air raid on London of the war. In 1922 I was given command of the 3rd Bn. as the Government proposed to revive the Militia. However, they subsequently changed their minds, and my command became a paper one.

Early in 1915, Major Dowell had gone out to Egypt as a Remount Officer, and received a Brevet of Lt.-Colonel. In January, 1917 he was appointed Director of Remounts at Salonika, promoted a Brigadier-General and given a C.M.G. The General did not return home for four years, and there is no doubt this long period of active service abroad, when he was nearing sixty, undermined his strength. He received a C.B.E. at the end of the war, and was decorated by the Greek Government with the Order of the Redeemer and the medal for Military Merit, and also received the Serbian Order of the White Eagle.

Eileen's sister, Dorothy, married at Catterick in April, 1920, Major Harold Hart, of the Warwickshire Regiment, a son of General Sir Reginald Hart, V.C., G.C.B. Sir Reginald's wife was a daughter of Mark Seton Synnot, and a cousin of the Synnot family in Australia, two of whom served in the Australian Navy in the last war, and made our house their home when on leave. Harold Hart retired in 1921, and they went to live at West Bergholt in Essex. Their son, Harold Reginald Dowell, was born in 1921 at Catterick. General and Mrs. Dowell also settled in Essex near them.

We found it necessary to move to London after the war. Houses were as scarce in 1919 as in 1946, and all my batta money went in paying a premium for a lease. We did not then know that we should remain in the same road for forty years. When I first entered Parliament in 1918 as Unionist member for Tradeston, there were nearly forty members who had sat in the House with my grandfather before he retired in 1900. Eileen often came down to listen to debates, and the standard of oratory in that Parliament was very high. She was fortunate in seeing Lloyd George enter the Chamber after the 1919 Peace Conference, and watching Lady Astor take her seat as the first woman M.P.

I became P.P.S. to Sir James Craig at the Ministry of Pensions before he became Lord Craigavon as Ulster's first Prime Minister. I spent some months as a member of a Departmental Committee on War Pensions. This Committee's Report formed the basis of the 1921 War Pensions Act.

I helped Field-Marshal Lord Haig to form the King's Roll National Council to provide employment for disabled ex-service men. As Hon. Sec. of the Council, I paid official visits to Paris and Brussels. One of my colleagues, whose knowledge of French was somewhat limited, refused the Legion of Honour for us as he thought he was being offered a second helping of caneton presse! Walking about with Lord Haig was like walking about with Royalty, as so many men took off their hats to him. At his request, I also became Hon. Sec. of the British Legion Benevolent Fund as he wished to co-ordinate the work of all organisations established on behalf of ex-service men.

At the famous Carlton Club meeting in October, 1922, I voted with the minority against ending the Conservative-Liberal Coalition. I had a letter from Sir Austin Chamberlain saying he realised in what a

difficult position Scottish Unionist members had been placed. This was due to the strength of the Labour Party in Scotland, and the danger of splitting the moderate vote. Like many other Scottish Unionist members, I lost my seat at the ensuing General Election.

After my defeat in 1922, I was offered a safe seat in Penrith, but foolishly refused it as my family wished me to contest Bootle owing to our connection with Merseyside. After an unsuccessful attempt in 1923, I won the seat in the following year. I became Chairman of the Estimates Committee, and regrouped the Estimates for presentation to the House, and strengthened the Committee's authority by arranging that a Treasury representative should always attend its meetings.

When I returned to the House in 1931, Sir Roderick Meiklejohn, who had been my first Treasury representative, wrote to me to say that in all his long career in the Civil Service he had never come across an M.P. so genuinely interested in securing a sane and economical administration of public funds. A high compliment from a Treasury official.

I received a knighthood from King George at St. James's Palace in June, 1927, and in November I was appointed Parliamentary Under Secretary of State at the Home Office, and representative in the House of Commons of the Office of Works, as the First Commissioner was Lord Peel. At that time the Office of Works was a small Department responsible for the Royal Parks and Palaces, Ancient Monuments, and Diplomatic buildings. I watched Sir Alfred Gilbert, the sculptor of Eros, at work on his memorial to Queen Alexandra, which now faces St. James's Palace. The big scheme of repairs to the Palace of Westminster was begun while I was responsible for the Office of Works estimates. We sold some of the worn stone ornaments, and two of them are now in my garden.

I lost my seat at Bootle in the 1929 election. On my leaving the Home Office, Sir John Anderson, who afterwards became Lord Waverley, wrote to say good-bye. He said the amount of minor legislation which had come to fruition whilst we had been working together at the Home Office was almost unique. Lord Peel also wrote to sympathise with me. He said he hoped the Liberals were satisfied with the havoc they had played, and would abandon the field. It is as well he could not see thirty years ahead.

I returned to the House in 1931 as Conservative M.P. for Chelmsford. I was not given Office, for such places had to be shared between Parties in a Coalition. Sir John Gilmour, when Home Secretary, wrote to me in June, 1935, to say he was leaving the Department as the Office was wanted for Coalition purposes.

I again became Chairman of the Estimates Committee, a member of the Public Accounts Committee, and of the Library Committee. The latter was a small Committee of five members, Clement Attlee was the Labour Party representative, and Sir Charles Oman, the eminent historian, was another member. He caused us much amusement by disagreeing with most of the suggestions we made about the purchase of historical books. Sir John Marriott, another historian and M.P., who sat on the Estimates with me, and, like me, was a co-opted member of the Hampstead Library Committee, always wore a top hat while the King was in residence at Buckingham Palace, a sartorial salute to the presence of Royalty.

In the 1931 Parliament I devoted much of my time to work for Prisons, Borstals, and Home Office Schools. I was Chairman of Chelmsford Prison and Feltham Borstal, Chairman of the Visiting Justices Conference, and President of the Home Office Schools Managers' Association. I was appointed a J.P. for London in

1934, and specialised in work in the Juvenile and Matrimonial Courts, of which I became Chairman in Hampstead. I also became a D.L. for London in 1937.

My personal interest in the Fire Service began as a small boy, when my father was a member of the Liverpool Watch Committee, and I was allowed sometimes to ride on the fire engines. My administrative interest began in 1919 when I became a member of the Middlebrook Committee on pay and conditions of service of Fire Brigades. In 1921 I became a member of the Royal Commission on Fire Brigades and Fire Prevention, but its Report, which was issued in 1923, was ineffective. Mr. G. V. Blackstone, C.B.E., G.M., Chief Officer of the Hertfordshire Fire Brigade, in his recently published "History of the British Fire Service" records the long struggle that has taken place to obtain adequate recognition for the needs of the Service. In 1925 I succeeded in passing a Private Member's Bill onto the Statute Book, placing an obligation on Local Authorities to provide pensions for professional firemen. In 1934 I became President of the Professional Fire Brigades Association, being the only person not a Fire Brigade Officer to hold that position. In view of the worsening of the international situation, the need for improving the organisation and co-operation of the Fire Service became urgent. In 1935 the Home Secretary was persuaded to appoint a small committee of four members for this purpose. Lord Riverdale was the Chairman, and the other members were Sir Frederick Marquis, afterwards Lord Woolton, the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, and myself. As a result of our Report, a Fire Brigades Bill was passed into law in 1938, implementing our recommendations. I became Chairman of a Committee to draw up a scheme for recruiting and training men and women for an Auxiliary Fire Service, and I became Chairman of the Fire Service Commission. This Commission

travelled over a large part of the Country drawing up schemes of mutual assistance between brigades, but war broke out before we could complete our work. As the insurance companies were relieved of former liabilities when the 1938 Act placed a statutory obligation on Local Authorities to provide fire protection, they generously contributed the sum of over a quarter of a million pounds to establish a Fire Research and Training Trust. I became the first Chairman of this Trust in 1940, a position I still hold, so I have been so fortunate as to watch and aid the development of the Service for nearly forty years.

My health began to cause anxiety in 1934, and I decided to retire from politics at the 1935 election. A few months later, I was offered the Governorship of Burmah. Unfortunately, on doctor's advice, I had to refuse this offer, although a Governorship had always been my ambition. Early in 1942, I underwent a major operation which restored my health, but the event came too late to enable me to resume a political career.

Politics have changed since 1918, and even since I left the House in 1935. They are no longer the adventure of yesterday in which there were many risks and few prizes. They have become one of the well-paid professions. The great social centres of political life are gone. Lord Derby does not give breakfasts in Stratford Place. The Londonderrys do not entertain in Park Lane, and there are no brilliant evening receptions at Lansdowne House.

My brother had gone out to Malta in 1918, to look after the interests of the Minister of Shipping. After his return home, and his early death in 1934, my sister-in-law went to live at Tonbridge with her three children, Margaret, Francis, and Carol. When war broke out, Francis joined the Royal Air Force and became a Flight Sergeant, but he was killed in a flying accident

in 1942. He was only 21. Margaret married Roland Rooker in 1940, and they live at Weeping Cross, Stafford, with their two sons.

My nephew, Reginald Hart, passed out of Woolwich in 1939, and was gazetted into the Royal Engineers, like his grandfather. He served in India and Burmah during the war. In January, 1950, he married Jane Panton, daughter of Brigadier David Panton, C.B.E., of the R.A.M.C. Reginald, who now has two daughters, is a major at the War Office. Reginald's father, Harold, died at West Bergholt in March, 1950, and General Dowell, my wife's father, died there in November, 1940, aged eighty. His wife also died there in September, 1944, only three months before her first great-granddaughter was born.

At the end of June, 1939, my mother died in London at the age of 83. She was completely without fear, and I should have had great difficulty in persuading her to leave London had she lived until the outbreak of war. Queen Anne's Mansions, where she lived, was bombed. Eileen became Senior Air Raid Warden of the sector where we lived in Hampstead, while I continued my fire brigade work at the Home Office. The Fire Service Division was housed in Cleland House and Horseferry House. A bomb damaged both buildings, and provided an opportunity for inconvenient files to disappear!

Within forty-eight hours of the outbreak of war, half the houses in the road where we live became unoccupied. A plague might have swept over us, and I realised what London must have been like in 1665. All the children had gone, spirited away, it seemed, as at Hamelin, and a strange brooding quiet settled upon the city.

Our three daughters had all been educated at West Runton. Alice had gone on to Girton, and taken her B.A. in the summer of 1939. Joan had been trained as a Red Cross nurse, and on the outbreak of war went

straight to Shenley Military Hospital in Hertfordshire, and remained there about eighteen months. She then joined the W.R.N.S., and after passing through all ranks was a Second Officer at the end of the war. She served as a Quarters Officer in Portsmouth, Dunoon, and Liverpool. Portsmouth, Liverpool, and Southampton, where she also served, were all heavily bombed. In August, 1943, she married at Hampstead Parish Church, George Alastair Peat. Alastair was a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. He commanded H.M.S. Dorothy Grey, and an escort trawler, H.M.S. Quadrille, and was on the Iceland Convoy and at the Normandy Landing. He is now head of his father's business, Borland and Peat, Shipping Agents. Alastair was born in 1912, at Giffnock. His father, George A. Peat, died in December, 1950, aged seventy-six, and his mother, who was Alexandra Scott, died five years later. Her sister married the Very Rev. J. Burns, who was a Moderator of the Church of Scotland. The Peats come from West Lothian, and the Scotts from Renfrewshire. Our eldest granddaughter, Janet Scott Peat, was born at the Middlesex Hospital, London, on the 21st of December, 1944, during the war, and her brother, David Henderson Peat, was born in Glasgow on the 22nd of March, 1947. The family live at Bearsden, Dunbartonshire. Alastair has not only maintained the family association with the sea in his career and business, but also in his recreations, for he is Rear-Commodore of the Clyde Cruising Club.

Our second daughter, Pamela, joined the W.R.N.S. on the outbreak of war. In July, 1940, when she was a Leading Wren at Portland, I went there as a Visiting Justice, with Eileen. Our visit coincided with a bad air raid on the harbour. It was an unpleasant experience to watch bombs actually dropping on our daughter's barracks while we could do nothing. Fortunately she

survived. In the late summer of 1941, a party of Wren officers on their way to Gibraltar in a transport were torpedoed with great loss of life. The need for Wrens in Gibraltar was urgent, and volunteers were called for. Pamela, who was now commissioned as a Third Officer, was selected with others, and the Admiralty sent them to Gibraltar in H.M.S. Malaya in October, 1941. They occupied the Captain's day cabin astern, and I am sure Pamela's great-grandfather would have been amused. She did not return home until December, 1943. After working at the Admiralty, and attending an anti-submarine course on the Clyde, Pamela ended the war as a Boarding Officer at Falmouth. She was married at the Hampstead Parish Church on the 2nd of July, 1949, to George Howard Wilkinson. George was named after Bishop G. H. Wilkinson who was his father's cousin, and who was Bishop of Truro, and afterwards Bishop of St. Andrews. The Wilkinsons are a North Country family, and come from Durham. The Bishop's mother, who was George's great aunt, was Mary, daughter of John Howard. George's father, George Harry, was an architect in Birkenhead, and at the request of his brothers, joined the printing business of Wilkinson Bros. which they had founded in London. He married twice. His second wife was Maud Frances Howard, who was born in Doncaster. Her father, who was a distant relation of the Norfolk Howards, was a pioneer in the teaching of the deaf. George was born at Sidcup in 1913, and his father died when he was only twelve years old. He was educated at Lancing and, as a Territorial, went to France in 1939 with the 60th City of London H.A.A. Regt., and was present at Dunkirk. He was afterwards commissioned, served in Gibraltar with the 15th A.A. Brigade, and became a Captain. He is now head of the family printing business. Pam and George's eldest child, Georgina Hamond Wilkinson, was born in

Hampstead on the 10th of April, 1950. Their son, Richard Howard Wilkinson, was born at Hildenborough on the 12th of March, 1952. They live at Hildenborough, Kent.

Our third daughter, Alice, was one of the few debutantes who was presented to Edward VIII during his short reign. As she had also had some preliminary training, she joined Joan at Shenley Hospital. In January, 1941, she became a Temporary Administrative Assistant at the Home Office, and remained there until the end of the war. She was private secretary to Osbert Peake, Lord Munster, and successive Parliamentary Under Secretaries of State, while she was employed there. She took her M.A. in 1945, and on the 16th of March, 1946, at Hampstead Parish Church, she married Peter Graham Hatchard Langford. Peter was born in London in 1915, and was trained as a hotel manager, but, being a Territorial officer, he joined his unit on the outbreak of war. As a gunner Captain, he served with the Eighth Army in North Africa and Italy, and was awarded the Military Cross, with citation, in September, 1944, during the Italian campaign. Peter's father, Robert Squire Langford, came of a West Country family but his grandmother was a Graham from Kincardine. Mr. Langford was a Civil Servant, and received the I.S.O. for his services as a private secretary at the Ministry of Agriculture. He died in September, 1946. Peter's mother, Caroline Hatchard, was a Professor and Examiner at the Royal Academy of Music. Her family came from Hampshire, and her father was a senior Civil Servant in the Post Office. While Peter and Alice were at Torquay, their eldest child, Vivien Caroline Dowell Langford, was born on the 8th of February, 1947. Their son, Graham Robert Henderson Langford, was born at Plymouth on the 20th of August, 1949. The family went to Lichfield in 1952, when they bought the Angel Croft Hotel.

It is difficult to write autobiography without inserting too much detail, while it is equally difficult to write the early history of a family without conjecture, for so much is missing.

I wish more old family letters had been preserved. Chancellor Yonge and the Admiral must have had many interesting letters sent to them, but none survive. I am sorry I have had to leave so many questions without definite answers. I should like to know why the Bests went to Barbados, and where William Dowell of Westbury captured a Spanish ship. Did the Pykes carry on a thriving coasting trade with London from Appledore and Bideford for a hundred years ? What happened to John Pyke when he was attainted by James II, and how did Patrick Bannerman escape to France from a prison in Carlisle ? What was the cause of the duel in the Bannerman family ? Was a conflict between family pride and family loyalty the cause of the Best-Bannerman quarrel ? What loss of family fortune caused the Fergussons to be so concerned about Jane Dunlop's money ? Who encouraged the Hamonds and Mannings to go to London, and who advised the four Henderson brothers to try their fortune in Glasgow ? I have suggested answers to some of these questions, but there is scope for further inquiry. In the meantime I have given the family the immortality of the printed page. After all, *Stet Fortuna Domus* is the motto of the Henderson family.

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